INQUIRY
MAGAZINE
AUGUST 4 & 18, 1980 • $1.25

Charles A. Kimball: *Travels with Ramsey*

Art Hoppe *on a New and Better Draft*

Playing Chicken with the Polish Censor

Who's Behind John Anderson?

By LAURENCE H. SHOUP

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HOW TO REDUCE THE DANGER OF A TAX AUDIT

"I'd do almost anything, even *over* pay my taxes, to avoid having the IRS audit my return." A surprising number of taxpayers feel this way.

But this attitude is more usual: "I minimize my taxes as much as I dare — but I also worry about getting slapped with a tax audit."

Then there's a third attitude, more common than you might think: "Those SOBs don't scare me. I'll fight them all the way."

Which attitude resembles your own? Whichever it is, if you earn $25,000 a year... or if you own a house or some other asset that interests the tax collector, there's a new Report you should see:

THE TAXPAYER'S AUDIT SURVIVAL MANUAL

How to Avoid an IRS Audit First and Foremost — And How to Survive One If They Catch You

The authors? You won't find two who know more about this problem. Charles W. Schoeneman, formerly with the U.S. Tax Court, is now a Washington tax attorney (with an imposing client list). Vernon K. Jacobs, nationally known tax consultant and lecturer, is the author of *Taxpayers' Counterattack* and editor of the consumer's tax service, TAX ANGLES (and, therefore, a master at reducing tax gobbledygook to plain English).

Your Chances of Getting Audited

The authors give you the latest figures, broken down by income... the latest reports on tax delinquents, and how many had their property seized. They follow your tax return, step by step, throught the IRS bureaucracy. This "tour" gives you precious hints on how to lessen your chance of an audit. For example:

- How to choose a tax advisor. (Careful: the one you pick might *cause* you to be examined.)
- Fearsome weapons the feds can use: liens, levies, seizures. What each one means. How they hurt you in *other* ways.
- One powerful weapon to get the IRS to cut your tax deficiency. (Here, the odds are in *your* favor.)
- What to do if a tax agent shows up at your door unannounced.
- How to make the tax man suspicious: more than 25 signals that suggest tax fraud. Signals given off by the tax man that hint at a criminal investigation.
- When the exam period ends, collection begins. Do you have any recourse then?

Valuable Extras

- Official IRS List of Unallowable Deductions
- IRS Guidelines for Auditing Professionals
- 20 charts, illustrations, IRS forms
- Map of IRS districts

- Encouraging note: the double screening your return must pass before you get audited.
- Should you round off your figures?
- The awesome legal powers of Special Agents and Revenue Agents. How they differ.
- Can your accountant be required to testify against you? How about your wife? Your children? Can your accountant be forced to produce your tax records?
- Useful literature you can get free from the U.S. Tax Court.
- True or false: when a taxpayer beats a criminal rap, he may still owe a big tax bill.
- Should you go before the IRS yourself, or send your tax advisor? 3 possibilities.
- One reason not to file an amended return.
- Your chances when you appeal (better than you think).
- Form 870: does it ever pay to sign it on the spot?
- When the IRS suspects fraud: what goes on behind the scenes.
- Should you ever admit a mistake? A doubtful deduction?
- What are the mathematical chances of being prosecuted for a tax crime? Of being convicted? Of going to jail?
- Priceless advice on how to conduct yourself during the audit. Tips that help it run *your* way. Dangers to avoid.
- Why the odds against you aren't so bad after all.
- When is the best time to file — early, late, or just under the wire?

One thing that make an IRS audit so unsettling: much of it operates outside the American legal system. The tax bureaucrats assess what they will. The taxpayer must *prove* his deductions: guilty till proven innocent. It *is* an adversary situation — and the tax collector holds all the guns. So if you pay a sizable tax bill, you owe it to yourself to see how far you can legally minimize your taxes — and what risks you may be taking at each step.

The stakes are high. In 1978, the average *extra* assessment gathered in by the IRS came to $3,898. It is almost certain to soar over $4,000 for 1979 returns — and keep soaring. This new *Manual* comes just in time.

FREE EXAMINATION

The *Manual*, frankly, is prepared for those who make $25,000 or more... who can save the most... who have the most to lose. It is tax-deductible and comes as a typewritten Special Report for $35 postpaid, and is returnable for a *full* refund within 30 days.

Nothing can *guarantee* you won't be audited. Sometimes it's just bad luck. But if you don't agree that the *Manual* cuts your chances of an audit, just send it back to Alexandria House Books, 901 N. Washington Street, Alexandria, VA 22314. You'll get your $35 back, and no questions asked.

How to get this Special Report FREE

You may take this $35 Report FREE with a two-year subscription to TAX ANGLES, the only monthly service that shows executives, owners of small businesses, professionals and investors how to cut their taxes *legally*. Just check the box in the coupon and send $79 for 24 issues (two years). GUARANTEE: Read 4 issues. If TAX ANGLES isn't worth many times its modest price in tax savings, just tell us to cancel after 4 issues. We'll send you a complete refund for the entire unused portion of your subscription — and you keep the *Manual* FREE.

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AUGUST 4 & 18, 1980

Who's Behind John Anderson?

LAURENCE H. SHOUP **p. 12**

It's very chic to be for Anderson this year—after all, he's the 'outsider,' right? So why do the names of his supporters sound so familiar?

Flouting Poland's Censors

CHARLES SAWYER **p. 17**

Polish authors have found that the only way to get it right is to print it themselves—illegally.

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Travels with Ramsey. Why did the State Department change its mind about Clark's trip to Iran? What really happened while he was there? A member of the Tehran Ten reports. (*CHARLES A. KIMBALL*)

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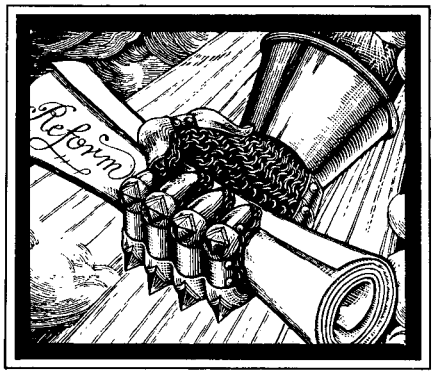
Misfortune cookies. Remember when your teacher made you practice hiding under the desk to escape falling atomic bombs? We're grown-ups now, but our leaders still think we can survive a nuclear war. (*ANNE NELSON*)

The draft—a modest proposal. In which we eliminate crime, solve the energy crisis, and make conscription fair to everyone. (*ART HOPPE*)



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A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

IT IS A MATTER OF RECord that America's leaders have publicly supported the shah's regime for almost two decades"; those leaders include "the last eight American presidents." Such is the boast of Ashraf Pahlevi, the shah's twin sister. In fact, it was the United States that restored the shah to power in 1953, after a nationalist uprising, and propped up his regime for the next quarter of a century. His terrifying secret police, SAVAK, was formed under our auspices. All this President Carter called "ancient history," and he asserted, in yet another dreary lie, that "We have nothing to apologize for." The Reverend Charles A. Kimball, who recently visited Tehran with Ramsey Clark and others, thinks differently. In this issue, he discusses the purpose and outcome of their trip, and the lesson the hostage crisis holds for us, if we have the courage to learn it.

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RES PUBLICA

He laid down his life for his country

■ The name of Adolf Hitler is still on the roll of honour of a number of West German towns where, despite protests, he is acknowledged as an "honorary citizen." On the occasion of the 125th anniversary of the founding of Bad Neuheim, a popular spa, the council published a booklet for tourists. Some readers were outraged to find Hitler on the list of honorary citizens and protested. The bürgermeister and councilors refused to strike out the late Fuehrer's name, arguing that it provided good publicity. Hitler is also an honorary citizen of Aldenburg, Ansbach and Witten and Weiden in Bavaria.

—Sunday Times (London), June 8, 1980

The lessons of history

■ Ronald Reagan's campaign chairman and other Republican Senators have drafted a charter for the Federal Bureau of Investigation that would allow the bureau to resume many domestic spying practices that have been found to be violations of civil liberties. "Our charter would theoretically leave the way open for those FBI abuses" that were uncovered in a Senate investigation of the bureau, said Alfred Regnery, a Laxalt aide. "But we don't think those things are likely to happen again."

—New York Times, June 22, 1980

The color scheme was all wrong

■ After spending more than $25 million to test a new furniture system, the General Services Administration today canceled the program.

Rowland G. Freeman 3d, head of the Government's purchasing agency, said the controversial "systems" furniture program would not be resumed "unless it can clearly be shown to be of considerable advantage to the taxpayer."

—New York Times, June 14, 1980

I ♥ New York

■ In New York this week, photographer Francis Schklowsky, assigned by *Working Mother* magazine to shoot a spread on how safe Central Park is for playing children, was beaten up, robbed and stabbed.

—Miami Herald, May 30, 1980

Son of Uncle Sam

■ "Son of Sam" killer David Berkowitz is collecting Social Security disability payments while he serves time in Attica state prison, the [New York] *Daily News* reported in today's editions.

It quoted a highly placed source in the Bureau of Disability Determination in the Social Security Administration as saying payments to Berkowitz, 27, had been approved because of his inability to hold a job due to mental illness.

Berkowitz is serving 315 years in prison for six killings in New York City.

—San Francisco Chronicle, June 5, 1980

100th Anniversary celebration to be marked by twenty deaths

■ Two persons were struck and injured today by softballs dropped 700 feet from the top of the Terminal Tower Building [in downtown Cleveland] at a ceremony observing the 50th anniversary of the downtown landmark.

Six members of the Cleveland Competitors, a professional softball team, all wearing helmets, had mitts ready on the street below to catch the balls.

The first one hurtled down and struck the hood of an automobile parked nearby. A second ball struck the shoulder of a bystander, Russell C. Murphy, 66 years old, of Cleveland. He refused treatment for an apparently minor injury. But another ball struck an unidentified woman who was taken to the hospital, apparently with a broken arm.

—New York Times, June 25, 1980

Some of my best friends are good dancers

■ Representative John B. Anderson, the independent Presidential candidate, said in Chicago that there was nothing racist about a remark he made praising a group of young black dancers in St. Louis for their "natural rhythm," explaining that "they exhibited the type of childlike grace and charm and naturalness you would expect."

—Arkansas Gazette, June 26, 1980

It's about time something was done about those unsafe pools

■ It never occurred to the group of affluent Fairfield County [Conn.] residents that anyone would think ill of what to them was a simple act of generosity. But then they never talked to any government agency until recently, and when they did it turned out to be one of their bigger mistakes.

On hot summer days for the last 15 years, youngsters from low-income areas in the communities surrounding New Canaan have been invited to swim in the private pools of about a dozen affluent Fairfield County residents—people like Richard S. Salant, vice chairman of NBC, and Stanley R. Resor, a former Secretary of the Army.

But swimming may be out this year because state inspectors have decided that the private pools are unfit for public use.

The Connecticut Attorney General's office is being asked to determine whether the summer program for about 150 youngsters must be subject to the same rules as a summer camp and thus the same rules for public pools. Pending a decision, the swimming program has been abandoned.

None of the private pools meet state regulations for public pools. For example, some do not have the right slope from the shallow to the deep end. If the pools have a diving board, a lifeguard stand is required, a regulation not generally followed in private pools. The state also requires depth markings every eight feet.

—New York Times, June 24, 1980

In-depth study produces startling conclusions

■ The Department of Transportation asked Stanford Research Institute for a "forecast of transportation needs in the year 2025" if there were widespread "guerrilla warfare, major climatic changes, or the establishment of a dictatorship." After $225,000 worth of thinking, SRI concluded that "cities would need more transit police" and warned "insurance rates would rise."

—Washington Monthly, May 1980

Beware the President bearing gifts

■ The Iranian Post Office charged today that President Carter sent a poisonous snake to the American hostages here.

In its announcement, the post office said that although the sender's name was not on the package containing the reptile, Carter was to blame.

—Washington Post, May 27, 1980

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More bungle for the buck

Computer games

DEEP BENEATH CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN, outside Colorado Springs, the watch officer at the North American Aerospace Defense Command heard a beeping sound coming from his computer terminal. The printed message that flashed on his video screen was that hundreds of Soviet missiles were on their way, fired both from bases in the USSR and from submarines off the American coast. The submarine-launched missiles would strike in nine minutes.

Seconds later, Strategic Air Command bomber crews were scrambling to their B-52s. They had seven minutes to get off the ground. Missile teams manning the 1054 American ICBMs went on alert. In Hawaii, a Navy communications plane took off in order to relay messages to the Pacific Fleet. A computer set up a conference call among three generals at NORAD, SAC, and the National Military Command Post. In three minutes or so, these men had to decide if the alert should move into its next stage. The White House situation room had been notified, but James Earl Carter continued to sleep peacefully, dreaming his presidential dreams.

Carter is still dreaming those dreams—and the rest of us are still here supporting, opposing, or ignoring him—only because those three generals decided in the early morning hours of June 3 that their computer system had lied to them and that the Russians really weren't coming after all. Twenty minutes after the alert began, everything was back to normal. Two days later, after news of the false alarm had been leaked by a Virginia newspaper, a Pentagon spokesman explained that the problem had been "technical." Somewhere in the World Wide Military Command and Control System, a network of computers and communications equipment affectionately known as Wimex, there had been a "glitch." After a couple of weeks—and yet another false alert—the problem was diagnosed as a faulty circuit. The offending forty-six cent chip, variously described as "the size of a nickel" and "the size of a dime," was part of the communications link between NORAD's computers and our military command posts.

After the first alert, Assistant Secretary of Defense Thomas B. Ross reassured us that "we weren't remotely close to World War III." But somehow no one quite believed him. He was asked whether an American alert could trigger Soviet responses which might escalate into war. (The USSR, because of its reliance on ground-based missiles, is more vulnerable to a first strike than the United States, and thus is more likely to utilize a "launch on warning" strategy.) "I'm going to duck that question," said Ross.

Wimex was created at the suggestion of President Kennedy, who thought a computerized command network might have come in handy during the Bay of Pigs invasion and the Cuban missile crisis. Various systems failures during the sixties, including the misrouting of information that might have averted the capture of the U.S.S. *Pueblo* in 1968, prompted then Assistant Secretary of Defense David Packard to approve a total overhaul in 1971. Since that year, the Pentagon has sunk more than a billion dollars into Wimex without apparent result. According to John H. Bradley, a senior test and evaluation engineer who worked on the military computers until he was fired in 1977 after repeatedly criticizing Wimex, there was "a breakdown every thirty-five minutes" at the time he left. In November of 1978, the military team assigned to monitor the situation in Guyana lost touch with a key computer and couldn't get reconnected for more than an hour. In the spring of 1979, a General Accounting Office study found that the Wimex computers were outdated, slow, unreliable, operating too near capacity, and—incredibly—often without backup power systems (the NORAD computers, for example, go down whenever local power lines get hit by lightning). And on November 9, 1979, came perhaps the most dangerous snafu to date. The system somehow ingested one of the Pentagon's war games and processed it as the real thing. Result: a six-minute alert, and a lot of promises that "it won't happen again."

Reasonable people find the prospect of nuclear war so horrifying that they tend to deal with these mistakes (or "events," as the DOD likes to call them) by trying to forget the whole insane scenario as quickly as possible. We resort to this evasive approach ourselves at times, which is why we haven't yet moved the magazine to Alberta. But even if we shut our minds to the possibility of being vaporized by a glitch, the military's obsession with technology is still troubling.

Compared to the Vietnam era—only ten years ago—the navy now spends four times as much money, after inflation, to buy two-thirds as many fighter planes. Yet something goes wrong on its front-line fighter, the F-14A, every eighteen minutes it is in the air; after each flight the plane requires ninety-eight hours of maintenance. The air force's air-to-air missiles are so expensive that a pilot gets only one practice shot in his whole career. The army's sophisticated but delicate XM-1 tanks cost six times as much as World War II's reliable Shermans and get only half a mile per gallon at best.

We might also mention the Iranian helicopter fiasco, the MX madness, and the navy's fierce determination to concentrate as much of its firepower as possible in a few huge aircraft carriers and submarines rather than in a larger number of smaller vessels that would be harder for the Soviets to locate and destroy. But there's no need to go on with the list. Even Secretary of Defense Harold R. Brown has started saying that we pay "too much for the last 10 percent of performance." Because all of this Star Wars hardware is so expensive, there is less money for more mundane things like personnel; in the past few months, at least three navy ships have been unable to go to sea because of a shortage of noncommissioned officers.

But the Pentagon's addiction to complex weaponry won't be easily cured. Military planners like high-tech gadgets because, assuming they work, they're supposed to make up for the advantage the Soviets have in sheer numbers. And Con-

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gress likes high-tech gadgets because they're sexy. Voting funds for jet fighters, turbine-powered tanks, and multiple-warhead missiles seems a much more dramatic response to the red menace than voting funds for spare parts, boiler technicians, or the design and maintenance of effective communications systems.

Which brings us back to the Wimex system and its glitches. It's often said that a computer is only as smart as the people who control it. In the case of military computers, this thought is not at all encouraging. ❏

The navy cracks down

Sex at sea

RECENT NEWS FROM THE NAVY MUST have some observers puzzled. On May 20 a federal judge in Milwaukee ruled that the army had to reinstate a woman it had discharged because she was a lesbian. The judge said the army's rule against homosexuals violated not one but three constitutional amendments: the First, Fifth, and Ninth. The woman's "sexual preferences had as much relevance to her military skills as did her gender or the color of her skin," the judge added.

Yet on June 20 the navy announced its intent to discharge eight women from the U.S.S. *Norton Sound* in Long Beach on grounds of homosexual activity.

Cynics may see this incident as evidence of the navy's hidebound devotion to a lost cause. Changes do in fact take a while in our nautical forces. The navy has yet to react to its own 1950 study estimating that as much as 37 percent of its personnel engaged in homosexual behavior and concluding that exclusion of lesbians and gay men was "totally unfeasible." A 1956 navy study saying that gay people pose no security or reliability risks has had a similar impact.

But enough carping. The navy's action in discharging the women shows a genuine willingness to change with the times. Consider the facts.

First, thanks to its vigorous program of affirmative action, the navy is now throwing out more lesbians and fewer gay men. In 1978–79 it discharged seventy-six women on grounds of homosexuality, as against fifty-five in 1977–78. Men, who have received more than their fair share of attention for too long, are being put in their place. The navy discharged only 778 of them for homosexuality in 1978–79, as against 882 in 1977–78.

At this rate we can look forward to a navy with no women in it at all, as American Civil Liberties Union lawyer Susan McGreivy has predicted. But McGreivy, like so many civil libertarians, goes too far. Fears of an all-male navy cannot survive careful scrutiny. Once upon a time, when people joined up mainly to fight and kill, the navy could do without women. Even today the privilege of slaughtering human beings ("combat status") remains a male preserve. But as our fighting men prepare for duty in El Salvador and the Persian Gulf, the need for women to take on other assignments grows.

The military also has an important role to play as employer of last resort in our stagnant economy. Until every woman who needs a job can find one as a civilian, the navy can hardly turn women away. Finally, since Congress insists on adding billions to the defense budget every chance it gets, the navy has to cling to every opportunity for expenditure it can find. Given these realities the ranks of women at sea—now 29,000—can only continue to swell.

Critics have missed another key sign of enlightenment: the navy's recognition that homosexuality is not dishonorable. This proud declaration dates back to 1977. Gay Ensign Vernon Berg's attempt to win reinstatement that year, although it failed in the courts, did convince the secretary of the navy to upgrade his discharge from "other than honorable" to "honorable." If this policy still holds, the alleged lesbians on the *Norton Sound* can rest easy. They may lose their jobs, but their honor is safe.

This policy has resulted in an interesting distinction. Whether or not homosexuality is now okay by the navy, sex, gay or straight, still constitutes "misconduct" or "unsuitable conduct" and can still lead to dishonorable discharge. When gays leave the service with honorable discharges, therefore, their sins have presumably been in thought but not in deed.

Civilians might wonder how the navy knows whether someone who has never engaged in sexual activity is gay. Such perplexity stems from a confusion of civilian justice, the kind the Constitution addresses, with naval justice. All the judicial quibbles about due process and fair trial that have hamstrung our courts on land mercifully disappear on the high seas. No Fifth Amendment hampers naval justice: A casual admission of homosexuality to a shipmate is good enough proof for the navy. The navy may arbitrarily require long psychological tests, as it did with sixteen women on the *Norton Sound*. A woman who demands to confront her accuser, as the twenty-four originally accused well might have, will be laughed off. The navy considers the Sixth Amendment, like the rest of the Bill of Rights, superfluous. A woman faced with honorable discharge who has less than eight years' seniority gets no hearing. The women on the *Norton Sound,* lucky enough to be charged with dishonorable misconduct (sex), do get a hearing—before three of their officers. They even have the right to appeal—right up to the secretary of the navy.

Naval justice, in sum, is a system in which the accusation of one unknown informer suffices to convict eight of one's colleagues. The navy itself is an institution in which one defends the precious freedoms of one's fellow citizens while forfeiting them all oneself.

In this light one can see more clearly the rationale behind the navy's hard line on sex. There have been armies—the Spartan, for example—that allowed and expected soldiers to form sexual attachments to one another. But such armies consisted of citizens who did not often stray far from the homes and farms they were defending. Armed forces like ours, that have fought exclusively on other countries' soil for over a century, have other motivations. They will fight, as the Romans fought, because they fear their own officers more than the enemy.

Sex between sailors might indeed undermine their morale in a navy like ours. It might add to their resentment at seeing one another bullied and abused. It might add to their regret at seeing one another die. It might lead them to question the orders they must unquestioningly obey; to ask why Americans must be sent across oceans to die.

The navy's actions on the *Norton Sound* and elsewhere may in fact perform a signal service for our society. The culture of the 1970s, from its soap operas to *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* and *Cruising*, gave new strength to an old belief about sex: that love and hatred, love and aggression, love and murder, mix. Thank heaven the navy is there to say it isn't so. ❏

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LETTERS

Letters to the editor should be addressed to INQUIRY Magazine, 747 Front St., San Francisco, California 94111. The editors reserve the right to edit letters for length when necessary.

Moving targets and sitting ducks

WHY IN THE WORLD SHOULD the mushy-headed "planners" in the Pentagon believe that the USSR would engage in target practice on a moving—and sometimes concealed—target in the desert wastes of Utah and Nevada, when the great cities of the United States lie open and available to their atomic warheads?

The atomic destruction of New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Denver, and a few other such cities would reduce to nil the ability of this nation to make war. Likewise, the destruction of ten of their cities would render the Soviets *hors de combat*.

To anyone living in a city whose services have been disturbed by a garbage strike, an electrical failure, a flood, or a water or sewer failure, the thought of engaging in an atomic war with any nation is childish. Destruction of such cities would unleash a swarm of human refugees onto the surrounding regions to duplicate the work of a locust infestation. No life could survive.

Certainly the warmongers and militarists who plan such destruction for others had better look to their own safety. For whatever caves or underground tunnels or castles they dig for themselves to survive the atomic holocaust, the remaining mutants, or whatever we shall be, will find the spades and shovels to dig them out for a future War Crimes Trial Internationale.

It costs less to talk peace, and it makes much more sense.

HARRY E. CHRISMAN
Denver, Colo.

The editors agree. See Anne Nelson's article on civil defense on page 8.

Abuse of power

IN REVEALING THE ILLOGIC of Women Against Pornography [May 5, 1980], John Gordon has revealed feminism to have suffered the self-defeating fate of so many movements and organizations: from champions of underdogs its leaders have risen to a power or influence they proceed to abuse (ignoring earlier assertions of democratic idealism) either for profit or for the satisfaction of psychological idiosyncrasies.

DAVID C. MORROW
Arlington, Tex.

Sticks and stones

I REALLY ENJOYED JOHN Gordon's article on Women Against Pornography. These women seem to base their censorship of pornography on mysticism—the belief that the real and the symbolic are, in some way, identical. A *picture* of a woman being abused is *not* a woman being abused. It is only a piece of paper with ink on it. While we should defend a woman who is (involuntarily) abused, to punish people for putting ink on paper is just plain silly.

RICHARD D. FUERLE
Monroeville, Pa.

Sensible controls

I AM COMPELLED TO DISAGREE with both the conclusions and factual basis of Thomas W. Hazlett's article "The New York Disease Heads West" [May 26, 1980] about rent control in New York. While I cannot comment on Hazlett's analysis of the situation in California, I do have some knowledge of rent control in New York. To understand and evaluate thirty-seven years of continuous and complex rent regulations, set against an atypical urban economy, requires more than the apparently cursory analysis given by Hazlett.

Just last month, the New York State Temporary Commission on Rental Housing, which was composed of four landlord representatives, four tenant representatives, and three neutrals, recommended unanimously the continuation of rent controls. Furthermore, the investigation by the commission found that the rents in areas where housing abandonment is prevalent were usually lower than the maximum permitted under the rent control laws, and that the shelter component of local public assistance payments . . . had not been increased since 1974. The commission determined that more than half, and often as much as 80 percent, of the rents in high abandonment areas were paid through public assistance grants. It recommended an increase in the housing component of public assistance grants, which had not been adjusted for inflation since 1974, as one solution to the abandonment problem.

Since abandonment forms the cornerstone of Mr. Hazlett's hypothesis, at the very least we must question his conclusions.

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THOMAS HAZLETT replies: Let us go one further than Mr. Gallet and introduce the evidence that in cities entirely without control apartment buildings are being abandoned in record numbers. The article alludes to this very fact. The key is that in addition to further contributing to the abandonment of some *units, rent controls preclude the construction of thousands of new ones. If only 2,000 apartments are built to replace the 30,000 lost in New York each year, raising the former figure will be just as important as lowering the latter—by the laws of arithmetic. As for "evidence" that a political board including* even *landlords now says "yea" to rent controls, such a claim indicates a Washington-like belief in the veracity of political press releases. That landlords will gladly posture as friends of rent control in an effort to gain political leverage certainly needs no more obvious—or awkward—a demonstration than what occurred during California's transparent and unsuccessful campaign for Proposition 10, the "fair rent initiative."*

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DISPATCH

CHARLES A. KIMBALL

Travels with Ramsey

THE PARTICIPATION OF Ramsey Clark and nine other Americans, including myself, in the recent conference on U.S. intervention in Iran provoked a storm of controversy throughout the nation. For weeks, editorial and op-ed pages across the country have both praised and attacked the "American dissidents" (to use President Carter's term). Clark and the others were called everything from "courageous patriots representing the best in the American tradition" to "moral-mental defectives."

Politicians, notably Republicans in the Senate, seized the opportunity to don the costume of "superpatriot" and take the offensive. Robert Dole (R-Kans.) called the trip "a flagrant breach of loyalty" and introduced a resolution calling for the prosecution of the "Tehran Ten." Not to be outdone, John Tower (R-Tex.) labeled the action "seditious." Howard Baker (R-Tenn.) offered these eloquent words about the former attorney general, "He did a dumb thing . . . he ought to be persecuted [*sic*]." Barry Goldwater, Strom Thurmond, Henry Kissinger, Gerald Ford, and others have joined in.

Apparently reacting to pressure from the right, President Carter, in Nebraska, declared that he was inclined "to go ahead and prosecute Ramsey Clark and the others" for traveling to Iran. Not completely oblivious to the niceties of the U.S. legal system, Carter graciously left some work for the Justice Department: "We will let the Attorney General make the ultimate decision on *how* to prosecute the people who violated the order—whether it should be a civil or criminal prosecution."

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The "order," of course, refers to the ban on travel to Iran (except for journalists) that the President announced last April. In Nebraska, he reiterated his view of the rule of law in the United States: "It is clear that when my order is issued, legally, it should be followed by those who are cautioned." These are unsettling words to those of us who are under the impression that the Constitution, not a presidential order, is the supreme law of the land.

Incidentally, the Supreme Court has consistently ruled that the right to travel is part of the "liberty" protected by the Fifth Amendment. Most recently, in 1967, the Justice Department—at that time, ironically, headed by Ramsey Clark—charged some New Yorkers with a criminal offense for arranging a trip to Cuba. The Supreme Court ruled unanimously that Congress had not passed any statute imposing penalties on people who disregard travel bans, recalling that the legislative, not the executive branch of government is responsible for making laws.

The High Court has consistently ruled that the Fifth Amendment protects the right to travel.

Carter's extraordinary outburst came only two days after Secretary of State Edmund Muskie had articulated a radically different position. Appearing on NBC's "Meet the Press," Muskie indicated that the administration would not prosecute Clark, a man who had worked closely with the State Department in the early stages of the hostage crisis. According to the secretary of state, "The policy of prohibiting travel to Iran was established principally because we are concerned about the safety of Americans traveling in a country where there is anti-American hostility." Muskie went on to explain, "The purpose of the policy is not to punish people who violate it, but to prevent people from going."

THIS WAS NOT THE FIRST time the White House and the State Department had disagreed on the participation of U.S. citizens in the International Conference on U.S. Intervention in Iran. In the weeks prior to the conference, four of the people invited to participate had conversations with high-ranking officials in the State Department, including David Newsom, the undersecretary of state for political affairs; Harold Saunders, assistant secretary of state for Near Eastern and South Asian affairs; and Henry Precht, head of the Iran working group.

Precht and Saunders made several calls, primarily to probe for information about the trip. The conversations centered on questions like, Who is going? What are the intentions of the group? Would the group consider going a week later? and, What would the group do if permission to go were not granted? The last question is particularly striking since the group was not interested in asking for permission to travel.

Although I did not have personal contact with the State Department, I have talked with each of the four people involved in those conversations. They all agreed that, on balance, the State Department was neutral if not somewhat affirmative about the trip. Precht and the other officials were cautious about the possibility that the Americans might be used in a "propaganda circus," but they also cited positive reasons for going.

The mood in the State Department was expressed by Newsom. In an interview with Robert Shaplen of the *New Yorker* Newsom said, "Bani-Sadr is planning to summon a conference of liberal world representatives in early June. . . . If the conference takes place and is attended by a number of Americans whom he indicated he wanted to invite . . . it might furnish another opening for a way out of the crisis."

Meanwhile, officials at the White House were adamantly opposed to the trip. For several weeks prior to the conference, State Department and White House officials debated the matter. On the day before our departure it became clear which point of view had prevailed.

Doug Dworkin, a State Department official, phoned Ramsey Clark on the morning of May 30. Dworkin informed Clark that "the trip is disapproved." He said the State Department and the Department of Justice were planning to release a statement later that afternoon. Dworkin then read a draft of the statement over the phone: "I want anyone

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planning to go to Iran to know that it is a violation of the law to pay for or accept travel, lodging, or meal expenses in Iran. . . . The maximum penalty for violating this law is ten years in prison and a fine of $50,000." Clark was struck by the first-person-singular wording of the statement.

George Wald, who was awarded a Nobel Prize in biology in 1967, tried to reach Muskie by phone on the morning of May 31. Muskie was unavailable. Wald did talk with Newsom, however. By this time, Newsom was taking a rather different line. He told Wald that the "European countries are cool toward the conference" and that it would probably be poorly attended. Newsom said the State Department was "well-informed" about the conference: "We see no possibility that this could help. . . . We've looked into all the angles carefully. . . . This is not a hasty decision."

FIFTEEN U.S. CITIZENS were invited to the conference. Five of the fifteen could not attend for a variety of reasons. My decision to accept the invitation, even in the face of a so-called travel ban, was a personal one.

In the first place, I was responding to an initiative by the government in Iran. The nongovernmental conference was called at the request of Ayatollah Khomeini. It was billed as a free and open discussion. It was an attempt to begin an international dialogue on issues of vital importance not only for Iranians, but for people in all the developing countries.

I believe that U.S. citizens have an obligation to be part of international conversations—whether they concern human rights violations in the USSR or U.S. intervention in Iran. In the words of George Wald, "The idea that an international conference on U.S. intervention in Iran would be held without any Americans present is intolerable."

I traveled to Iran in part to say that there are private American citizens who are willing to talk openly and honestly about all aspects of U.S.–Iranian relations. It is imperative that we both hear and share perspectives on the past and present dimensions of our relations. This is a necessary first step in the process of developing a framework for future cooperation.

I had another compelling reason for going that had little to do with Iran. It was important, in my mind, to make a symbolic statement about human rights in the United States. As one of the thirty-five nations that signed the 1975 Helsinki Accords, the United States agreed "to facilitate free movement and contacts" across national borders, which is, of course, consistent with the rights guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution. Yet the President was trying to use the International Emergency Economic Powers Act of 1977, designed to empower the President to impose economic sanctions during international emergencies, to justify bringing criminal prosecutions in his attempt to circumvent judicial decisions upholding the right to travel.

My reasons for traveling to Iran were overwhelming. Still, I would not have made the trip if I thought my going might in any way harm the hostages or prolong their captivity. In consultation with family and friends, I could not envision any way in which the trip would be detrimental. On the contrary, I knew that there might be opportunities for ministerial assistance for the hostages and/or their families.

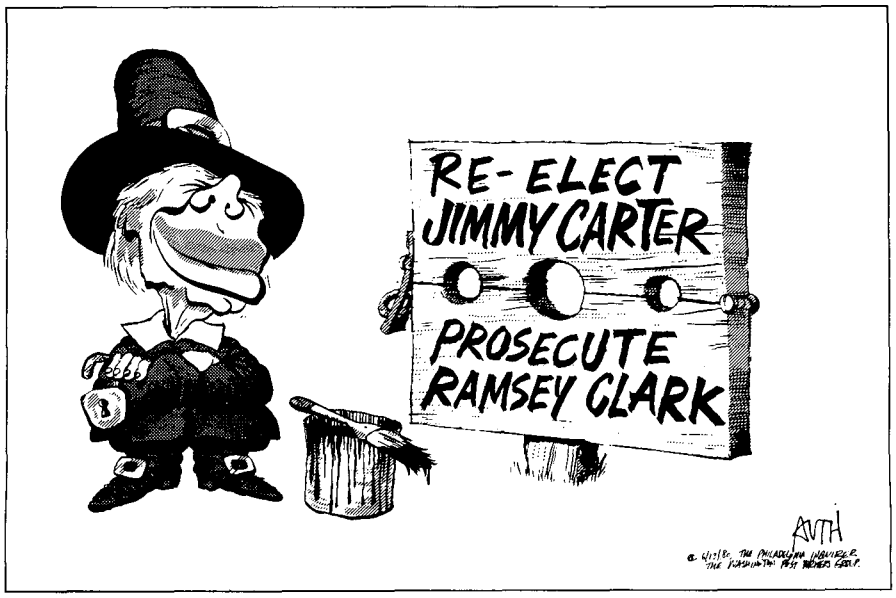
As it turned out, the Reverend John Walsh and I were invited to the U.S. embassy compound, where we had been in January, for conversations with some of the student leaders. This time again we spent several hours discussing a wide range of issues. It was an engaging conversation in an open atmosphere. We also took the occasion to hand-deliver more than twenty letters from the families of the hostages.

The primary reason for going to Iran, of course, was to attend the conference. To date, few American journalists have offered serious reflections on the conference itself. When the four-day meeting is mentioned, it is generally in phrases like "Crimes of America Conference" or "propaganda circus." Such terminology allows Americans to ignore or make light of the issues raised in Tehran—issues that many people in Iran, indeed many in the developing countries, take with the utmost seriousness.

HAVING PARTICIPATED in the conference, I offer the following remarks in an effort to clarify inaccurate accounts and misperceptions about the controversial meeting.

The nongovernmental conference was entitled "International Conference on U.S. Intervention in Iran," not the "Crimes of America Conference." More than three hundred delegates from fifty-four nations, including Canada, Mexico, Great Britain, France, West Germany, Spain, Italy, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Japan, and Egypt, participated. On the first day, Iranian officials presented a series of reports on aspects of U.S. interference in the internal affairs of Iran. The reports—centering on the 1953 coup d'état, the CIA's relationship with SAVAK (the dreaded secret police), economic transactions and related activities, and the recent U.S. military action in Iran—were sober and straightforward. The level of rhetoric was low. There was little in these presentations that would be considered "new" by anyone familiar with the history of U.S.–Iranian relations since 1953.

On the second and third days, delegates expressed views on a variety of issues related to U.S.–Iranian relations. Speakers from twelve different nations raised the issue of the hostages. The clear sentiment of the participants was that the holding of hostages was unjustified on moral and legal grounds and that every effort should be made to re-



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solve the situation peacefully as soon as possible.

Ramsey Clark spoke to the assembly (and on television to the Iranian people) for forty-five minutes. His thoughtful speech embraced tough questions about U.S.–Iranian relations, the hostage situation, and the need for honest, responsible efforts at resolving the problems confronting both nations. Because he acknowledged U.S. interference in Iranian affairs during the reign of the ex-shah, Clark's speech provoked a storm of controversy in the United States. It is noteworthy that in dozens of encounters I have yet to meet any politician or media commentator who has bothered to read the entire speech.

Contrary to the popular image in the U.S. media, the speeches and discussions during the conference were free and open. Only one speaker received a strong negative response: When a delegate from the USSR attempted to defend the Soviet involvement in Afghanistan as "helping to preserve the freedom of the Afghans," many delegates began shouting and creating a commotion in the assembly hall. Immediately, Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh, who was chairing the meeting, pounded the gavel, restored order, and reminded the delegates that "every person has the right to express his view openly at this conference." The Soviet delegate was allowed to finish his speech.

THE CONFERENCE CONcluded with a twelve-point declaration. In its key sections it:

—expressed admiration for the people of Iran in their struggle for freedom and independence;

—condemned American interventions in the internal affairs of Iran, particularly during the past twenty-seven years, beginning with the CIA-sponsored coup d'état of 1953;

—recognized the right of the people of Iran and the Islamic Republic of Iran to seek the extradition of the deposed shah and the restoration of Iran's wealth plundered by the Pahlevi dynasty and its associates; and

—emphasized that all disputes between the Islamic Republic of Iran and the United States should be settled by peaceful means as soon as possible.

On this last point, the Reverend Paul Washington, priest at the Church of the Advocate in Philadelphia, introduced an amendment on behalf of the U.S. delegation. He asked that the words "including the issue of the hostages" be inserted for clarification. The chairman, Ghotbzadeh, indicated that it was not possible to specify all matters in dispute; he defined "all" as "certainly including the issue of the hostages." He noted the clear sentiment of the conference regarding the hostage situation.

All ten U.S. citizens who traveled to Iran stand opposed to the holding of hostages. As an isolated act, it is both illegal and immoral. But though unacceptable, it can be explained against the backdrop of America's traditional relations with Iran. Unfortunately, the continued holding of hostages has obscured Americans' ability to see the other issues raised by the crisis.

No media commentator or politician I've met has bothered to read Clark's entire speech.

The Tehran conference was neither a "propaganda circus" nor, as the State Department had predicted, a prelude to spy trials. It was an initiative by Iranian officials to open an international dialogue on America's interventionist policy in Iran. Many Iranians believe that an honest acknowledgment of past interference by the U.S. government will provide the best protection against interference in the future.

In the United States, one question dominates most conversations about the current problems between the U.S. and Iran: What do we have to do to get the hostages out? It is this narrow focus that prompted the remark by Newsom concerning the conference: "We see no possibility that this could help." Most Americans have yet to perceive the deeper, more fundamental issues underscored by the conference. We must, however, begin to address the larger questions of U.S. foreign policy, particularly in relation to developing countries. We must hear the message—the sooner the better—that a foreign policy based on domination and a rapid deployment force is doomed to failure.

POLITICS

ANNE NELSON

Misfortune cookies

NEATLY STACKED ON THE street, lined up for the garbage trucks, were twenty sealed boxes, each containing two seventeen-pound tins. The labels were what caught my eye: "Survival Ration Crackers, November 1964, minimum 1513 crackers per tin." All those crackers had been waiting fourteen years in a basement for the bomb.

"Take all you like," the building superintendent said generously. "They're still good. That's an airtight seal. We're throwing 'em out because we need the storage space."

I shouldered a box and took it home. It took half an hour and two can openers, a corkscrew, and a Swiss army knife to pry the lid open. Once the seal was broken, a faintly musty smell drifted through the kitchen. Curious, we tasted; although the crackers were edible—waferlike, more sweetmeal than saltine—they were nothing you'd want to live on for a month. But what was delicious was the thought that someone felt comfortable throwing them away to use the space for bicycles.

That afternoon was fitting punctuation to some conversations I'd had with friends about grade school in the early 1960s and growing up with the bomb that never came. The recollections came tentatively at first, then in an excited, wondering burst. Bomb drills—all over the country. The teachers took us through the motions with calm efficiency. We hid under our desks "for protection from the flying glass." We closed our eyes and covered them with our hands so as not to be "stunned by the blinding flash of light." Some of us crouched in stairwells, others filed into

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tunnels under school gymnasiums. We watched neighbors building bomb shelters instead of buying new cars, always with the envious suspicion that in doing so they were making themselves the chosen survivors while we remained doomed. When the time came, would they share?

We responded to this flurry of self-preservation with childlike directness. Some of us scrawled pleading letters and entrusted them to the corner mailbox, addressed to "Nikita Khrushchev, Moscow, Russia." We ended bedtime prayers with: "... and please don't let an atomic bomb fall on me tonight." We grew adept at weighing the odds, and most eight-year-olds could talk knowledgeably about the difference between the H-bomb and the A-bomb. We felt comparatively safe in Nebraska because in the movies the bombs always fell on Washington and New York; mercifully, no one ever told us that the Strategic Air Command headquarters in Omaha would be the first to go. But how could we respond to the filmstrips about World War II? The Cold War, the arms race, and the Cuban missile crisis were just words to us, but the pictures of the end of Nagasaki lent graphic images to our fantasies.

We were too young to appreciate the absurdity of hiding from the bomb under our desks. Now we can laugh with a crazy relief, yet we still feel a measure of puzzlement: Did they really believe all the nonsense they were telling us? That if the Russians dropped an atomic bomb on us we should look out for broken glass?

There is excitement in the smell of crisis. It allows some people to make themselves heroes by alerting others and leading them to safety. It is also fun to tell ghost stories to children, whose deep, instinctual fears are undiluted by the rationality of adulthood. Which principles were at work? What was the chain of command? Someone, somewhere, must have instructed the teachers—through the principals, through the school boards, and ultimately through the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare—to have all the children hide under their desks.

Fear creates tension, and tension is exhausting. A decade later that tension was translated into a flailing anger against all bombs, all war. We couldn't smell the crisis in Vietnam; those little men in black pajamas were not the reason we'd been hiding under our desks. It seemed as though our elders, exhausted with the tension of battling their own invisible enemies, finally had to invent these tangible enemies to give credence to their theories. They cheated. They gave us a little war, not Armageddon. So it was not just Vietnam we were protesting—it was the false alarm, the dreary substitution of one war for another. They had tuned our reflexes to their own nightmare, and we needed a physical release from the knots they had made in our stomachs.

THE MECHANISMS OF FEAR were assembled conspicuously by huge public institutions, but they were dismantled without official notice. No one informed us that bomb drills were no longer necessary. They just stopped. Bomb shelters ceased to be built in the suburbs, and the ones already standing seemed quizzically out of place. After all, they could hardly be unloaded like used cars. Back in Nebraska their owners started using them as root cellars, lined with Mason jars of preserves.

At some foggy moment during the last decade or so, people forgot to be afraid. The survival crackers in the bomb shelter began to smell ancient (in some cities they were removed and shipped overseas as "Biscuits for Bangladesh"), and even the word *survival* lost its edge. The stark meaning of merely staying alive in a cement hole, drinking distilled water and munching musty biscuits, gave way to the idea of preserving a certain standard of living: the condominium, the Perrier, the Häagen-Dazs; how to ensure the "survival" of the dollar in its tedious war against the deutsche mark and the yen.

And my generation, now in its twenties, has the lowest voting turnout and the lowest child-bearing rate in American history. It would be simplistic to suggest that this was all caused by politics and bomb shelters. Yet if we don't vote, it might have something to do with the realization that we grew up in a climate of politically manipulated panic. If we are reluctant to have offspring, it could reflect our having been conditioned to believe that civilization would disappear within our natural lifetimes. The notion of heroism confuses us. We cannot look for models among soldiers and politicians; we are always aware of where their "strength" may lead us. Yet the athletes and entertainers we admire lead us nowhere. It is not an inspiring time.

Now there are voices that suggest we should find our inspiration in the language of the Cold War. They say we need a higher defense budget and, perhaps, the draft. Some even hint darkly at the gap between Russian and American civil defense programs. We learn, once again, that the smell of crisis is more exciting than that of stagflation—the newspapers knew it all along.

At the moment, this attitude is being expressed most literally by those who warn us that the Soviets have a better system of civil defense than we do. We've slipped, they say; they're going to catch us with our pants down. They have louder whistles and more provisions stockpiled. Soon we can expect to be told that they are constructing an entire fallout-proof city underground.

The fear implicit in these warnings appears to be that, in the event of a nuclear war, the Soviets would "win." Ergo, more money poured into civil defense systems in the United States would improve our chances for "victory." One must wonder what measures enter into such calculations. If one-third of the Soviet population perishes with the first strike, compared to only one-fourth of the U.S. population, does that constitute a victory for our team? If the miserable creatures inhabiting their fallout shelters birthing a few mutant offspring outlive those in our fallout shelters by a generation, have they won?

A group of physicians addressing a Senate hearing in mid-June rather pointedly included Washington in their examples of the damage that would be

We ended bedtime prayers with, 'please don't let an atom bomb fall on me tonight.'

wrought by a single nuclear warhead—which today has eighty times the destructive capacity of the one dropped on Hiroshima in 1945. One such weapon dropped on, say, the White House, would totally destroy everything from west of the State Department to east of Capitol Hill, from south of the Pentagon to north of the National Zoo. Baltimoreans would be blinded by the atomic flash. One doctor estimated that nearly one and a half million people would die in such an attack; others found this estimate conservative, given the utter

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breakdown in all medical facilities that would surely result. Under the present system of civil defense, the full planned evacuation of the area would take a week. So the gist of the message is that, as far as saving lives is concerned, the difference between evacuating the population within a week of the attack and within ten minutes would be minimal.

A nuclear war will turn the feds' big shelter on the Blue Ridge into a gravel quarry.

This argument was presented even more strikingly by a long list of distinguished medical professionals linked as Physicians for Social Responsibility in an advertisement in the *New York Times* last March. "There is no effective civil defense," they said. "The blast's thermal and radiation effects would kill even those in shelters, and the fallout would reach those who had been evacuated; recovery from nuclear war would be impossible. The economic, ecologic and social fabric on which human life depends would be destroyed in the US, the USSR, and much of the rest of the world; in sum, there can be no winners in a nuclear war."

NONE OF THIS SEEMS TO penetrate. Edward Teller broods in print that the Russians have such a great civil defense program that—if everything went right for them—a mere 11 million Soviets would be killed in a nuclear showdown with the United States. The federal government continues to expand its $42 million-a-year bomb shelter in the Blue Ridge Mountains that will house administration officials (including those from such "essential and non-interruptible" departments as the Council on Economic Advisers and the Federal Reserve Board) when the holocaust comes—although one Defense Department analyst admits that the place will be "turned into a gravel quarry" the instant the war begins.

In Boston the civil defense authorities brag confidently that if someone will just give them the money, they can evacuate half a million Bostonians to safety in Kennebec, Maine, when the missiles are launched. More quietly they concede that they haven't called their counterparts in Kennebec to let them know there will be guests for dinner. Zbigniew Brzezinski and Harold Brown whine that the Soviets are spending $2 billion a year on civil defense and we'd better catch up—although in 1976, while Brown was still a civilian, he ridiculed the Russian bomb shelter program and observed that "the way to counter a relatively ineffective system is not to replicate it on the other side."

Brown is certainly not the first secretary of defense to jump onto the civil defense bandwagon. In James Schlesinger's final days the department began a multimillion-dollar program to hide 50 million Americans in abandoned coal mines during a nuclear attack. Schlesinger's program could only conjure up images from the film *Dr. Strangelove* in which the President and some of his aides, awaiting a Soviet attack, are discussing the chances of evacuating some of the population into mines. Someone asks if the Russians might be doing the same thing. The crazy nuclear cowboy General Buck Turgidson shouts, "Mr. President, we must not allow a mineshaft gap!"

Somehow the lunacy of all this has never been clear to those leaders who pride themselves on their grasp of "geopolitical realities." To our muddleheaded Congress, SALT II was apparently nothing more than a domestic political ploy: The legislator of the day could try to bolster his macho image for the folks at home by whipping out his first-strike capabilities. The Carter administration, following its usual diplomatic entropy, started out with its treaty, offered it up to be whittled away by Congress, and has tried to use the remnants as bait to trap the Russian bear. And those who suggest that we address the issue of nuclear warfare with increased civil defense spending are advocating the biggest Band-Aid of all.

Unfortunately, it is always easier to fuss with the minor remedies. So long as the children are kept busy with their bomb drills, and their mothers with storing provisions; so long as the legislators occupy themselves with quibbling over the niceties of treaties that will never be approved; so long as our country's most profound analyses of international relations lead to nothing beyond boycotts of Russian vodka and Cuban cigars—we are truly in danger. May the saints preserve us, because survival crackers won't.

POLITICS

ART HOPPE

The draft—a modest proposal

*THE DECISION BY CON-*gress to order only young males to register for the draft has been attacked as patently unfair by numerous segments of society. Feminists are demanding that women too be drafted, on the grounds that both sexes are entitled to suffer equally. Governor Jerry Brown, among others, favors drafting citizens over fifty on the grounds that those who think up the wars should enjoy the pleasures of fighting them. Senator S. I. Hayakawa wants to draft the handicapped on the grounds that "a one-legged tail gunner" could adequately serve his country (although, if forced to bail out on a bombing mission, he might experience some difficulty hopping across the steppes of Russia in order to fight again). And the Society for Economy in Government advocates drafting twelve-year-olds in order to save the state the expense of a free high-school education.

All these proposals undeniably have merit in that they strike blows against sexism, ageism, physical elitism, and high taxes. They are, however, but harbingers of the only fair and equitable selective service system. The only fair and equitable selective service system is, of course, to draft everyone.

The sole reason we have a draft at all is that we simply refuse to pay our soldiers high enough wages. Being a soldier, most young men feel, is a rotten job. The hours are long, the work is arduous, and soldiering is definitely a high-risk occupation, comparable at best to mining coal. Yet we are willing to pay a private in the Army only $450 a month. At the same time, a union coal

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miner may draw almost $450 a week. Is it any wonder that the all-volunteer army is having trouble attracting recruits, while the country generally has more coal miners on its hands than it knows what to do with?

Why should a soldier make less than one-fourth as much as a coal miner? This is highly unfair. Yet no congressman in his right mind would propose quadrupling the pay of our soldiers. Such a grandiose scheme would bankrupt our already bankrupt treasury. The only fair and equitable solution, then, is to reduce the wages of coal miners to $450 a month and draft them.

Needless to say, before drafting anyone, we should appeal to the patriotic spirit inherent in an aroused citizenry. We should point out that mining coal is certainly as vital to our national security as picking up cigarette butts or digging latrines. Just as our country could not defend itself without soldiers, neither could it defend itself without coal miners. Recruitment posters for the all-volunteer army of coal miners might depict a brawny young man with a shovel on his shoulder and a helmet on his head above the caption: "Make the World Safe for Democracy." Or whatever. Then, when not enough men signed up to dig coal for $450 a month, we would say to them: "Either you accept the honor and privilege of serving your country on the ramparts of freedom two miles down a mine shaft or we will cart you off to prison." That's the democratic way.

The advantages to the nation of a coal-mining army are overwhelming: Not only would we never again be threatened with crippling coal strikes, but cutting the miners' wages 75 percent would cause the price of coal to plummet. It can well be argued that recurrent inflation is as virulent a threat to our American way of life as Marxism-Leninism. Thus we see that in the concept of the draft lies both our military security and our economic salvation.

For if it is as logical to draft coal miners as it is to draft soldiers, it is equally logical to draft auto workers, street sweepers, college professors, and hot-air balloonists. In a word, it is logical to draft everyone.

Rich and poor, young and old, sick and healthy—with everyone in uniform, chronic inflation and the current recession could both be whipped overnight. Overnight the dream of full employment would become a reality. The government could pay whatever wages it wished and charge whatever prices it deemed proper in its government-run commissaries. Thus overnight the cost-of-living index could be returned to its 1967 level—or 1867, if that is what the government preferred. Overnight, our German and Japanese allies would be unable to compete with our cheap labor in the international marketplace, and when our physicians decreed us to be "sound as a dollar," we would no longer immediately rush off to our lawyers to make out our wills.

*NOT ONLY WOULD A GEN*uinely universal draft be economically sounder, but it would unarguably produce a far more efficient society than does our present hodgepodge, all-volunteer labor force. Just as it does now, the government would assign draftees to perform the tasks that best fulfilled the nation's needs and for which their talents most ably suited them. A chanting Hare Krishna neophyte might become an excellent drill sergeant and an aspiring go-go dancer, with proper training, could easily be transmogrified into a thoroughly competent housewife second class. For the nation certainly needs drill sergeants and housewives second class far more acutely than it needs Hare Krishna devotees or even the most supple of go-go dancers.

Moreover, say what you will about the military, it provides the basic necessities of life to its conscripts at a fraction of the cost of the food, clothing, and shelter produced by our totally disorganized private sector. Here, again, the answer is efficiency. Mess halls are undeniably far more cost-effective per unit fed than are individual kitchens and breakfast nooks. Mass-produced, standardized uniforms represent an incredible saving over the wildly assorted items of apparel required for even a modest private wardrobe. And there can be no question that housing a hundred persons in a single barracks is cheaper by a long shot than constructing a score or more of split-level ranch homes.

Best of all, with the army assigning occupations to all draftees, just as it does now, certain occupations harmful to a well-ordered society would be automatically eliminated. The armed services clearly will not waste the taxpayers' money drafting a young man from the slums to become a purse snatcher j.g. A riveter, a farm laborer, or a machine-gunner, yes. A purse snatcher, no. Therefore, a universal draft will spell the end of purse snatchers and purse snatching. Hundreds of other unnecessary occupations would never be condoned or encouraged by any respectable army. Among these, to cite but a few, would be pickpockets, politicians, and professional agitators. The elimination of politicians alone would save the country the millions upon millions now squandered each year on pointless elections.

The drafting of the present generation will not be without its difficulties, considering the high percentage of citizens who will have to be retrained for more worthwhile pursuits. Take an advertising agency account executive, for example. What else would he be good for? Once this initial hurdle is overcome, however, the universal draft would face few problems in dealing with future generations.

The age at which every young American should receive that familiar salutation, "From the President of the United States, Greetings," is, of course, open to debate. Most experts in the field feel strongly that no young citizen should be inducted into the army before successfully completing toilet training.

From that point on, however, the course is clear. All through the day-care center, nursery school, kindergarten, and the boarding academy, each child will be repeatedly tested to determine how he or she can best serve the requirements of national security. Would this particular young man do better as a bombardier carrying out his country's foreign policy? Or as a garbageman carrying out his country's garbage?

At the same time, it goes without saying, each child will be constantly inculcated with the values that made this country great: respect for the uniform, an abhorrence of unsightly cigarette butts, and an unquestioning obedience to authority.

Thus once the universal draft is fully operational—by 1984, if all goes well—we will not only have eliminated unemployment, inflation, recessions, trade deficits, crime, pornography, and politicians, but we will enjoy greater national security than any nation in history. We will be able to boast proudly that we have laid the foundations for a new society that will last a thousand years.

To be sure, there will be those who at first will protest the loss of their individual freedom to choose their own food, clothing, shelter, and occupations. But we will say to them what we say to draft protesters now: Every citizen in this great land of ours must stand ready to sacrifice his or her individual freedom in order to ensure that our republic survives. After all, how would they like to live in a totalitarian state? ❏

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Who's Behind John Anderson?

LIKE JIMMY CARTER FOUR YEARS AGO, he seemed to come out of nowhere. One day he was just one of the many blurry faces in the GOP background, like Phil Crane or maybe Larry Pressler; and then suddenly John Anderson began popping up everywhere. He was in "Doonesbury" every day for a week, and then he appeared on "Saturday Night Live." Norman Lear bought a series of full-page ads supporting him in major newspapers all over the East Coast. The *New York Times* all but endorsed him six weeks before the New Hampshire primary. The *Washington Post*, in words that sounded more like a piece of campaign literature than a news story, trumpeted: "John Anderson. You're beginning to hear it a lot." It was a self-fulfilling prophecy; on the strength of the media wave, Anderson climbed in the polls, trampled the host of Republican also-rans nipping at Reagan's heels, and then declared himself an independent candidate for the presidency. He is not likely to win, but in a race with such doddering bumblers as Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan, it is best to rule nothing out.

Through it all Anderson has escaped serious critical scrutiny. We know, for instance, every machination of the Carter staff, who's in and who's out, whom Ham Jordan likes and whom he doesn't. We know all about the group of Republicans planning to raise and spend $30 million "independently" of the Reagan campaign. But of Anderson's advisers and financial supporters we hear almost nothing. It is as though the news media take the boasts of Anderson's campaign advertising—"a candidate for President chosen by the people, not by the political experts"—at face value.

But John Anderson's campaign was not molded in heaven, although he may have an in there after having twice introduced constitutional amendments to establish a state religion. Like any other candidate, he has been financed, packaged, and marketed by people with money and power who want to see their man in the White House. And although Anderson likes to portray himself as a maverick, an outsider, a man against the grain—just as Jimmy Carter did in 1976—the fact is that he is the favorite candidate of the same people who have traditionally bought and sold candidates like so many sacks of potatoes. In troubled times like these, normal modes of social control weaken, and people can more easily see who really rules them; it is harder for the real power brokers to locate candidates who are "safe" and yet still reasonably acceptable to the discontented mass of voters. They must find someone to pose as an "outsider" with no responsibility for the mess in Washington.

Jimmy Carter was such a candidate four years ago, an "outsider" who was nevertheless the Democrat most closely connected to and influenced by America's traditional ruling groups and thus hardly likely to change things. But after four years of dedicated bungling, Carter is losing favor with the voters, and of course it's rather difficult for a sitting President to maintain the fiction that he's an "outsider." Though Carter—and, to a lesser extent, Reagan—are acceptable to this ruling establishment, John Anderson is clearly their man for 1980.

Based in the biggest cities in the eastern part of the United States are a group of wealthy, intermarried old families with familiar names: Rockefeller, Cabot, Whitney, Lodge, Mellon, Ford, Duke, and Du Pont, among others. They are considered "old" because their wealth is at least second generation—in most cases much older. The age and size of their wealth give them the power to be the arbiters of high culture and society: the opera and the symphony, the *Social Register*, and many elite clubs. These clans exercise control over many of the multinational corporations and international banks that play a crucial role in the American and much of the world economy, and many have important links to key media corporations like CBS and the *New York Times*.

Most important, they are the leaders of the major private foreign and domestic policy planning organizations: the Council on Foreign Relations, the Trilateral Commission, the Conference Board, the Business Council, the Business Roundtable, and other groups that plan policies, train leaders, and

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Although he calls himself an independent and an outsider, and the news media seem to agree, the people pushing Anderson are part of the same crowd that's been buying and selling presidential candidates for years.

By LAURENCE H. SHOUP

work to form a consensus among their peers. The density of these families' connections with each other, their high degree of clannishness, and their control over a range of important institutions that heavily influence our lives, make them an oligarchy, an archetypical "establishment." They are a cohesive social group with similar interests and values. They stand at the top of the American hierarchy of wealth, prestige, and privilege and are able to translate this socioeconomic power into political power.

In the past, their domination of upper-echelon politics was almost taken for granted. Their control is still there, of course. They still represent some of the main sources of political finance, are connected to the most important media, and are a key source of political expertise. But the worldwide crises of the late 1960s and 1970s—as manifested by economic crisis at home, political unrest throughout the Third World, rising commodity prices, and the relative growth of Soviet power—undermined this control by encouraging American dissident movements against imperialism abroad and the corporate state at home. These movements of both the left and right are now beginning to gain a political voice. A realignment of American politics, away from two centrist parties controlled by this establishment and toward one party on the right and one on the left, is something these families very much want to avoid, and this is where John B. Anderson fits in.

AN EXAMINATION OF ANDERSON'S affiliations, advisers, early campaign contributors, media coverage, political style, policies, and sources of voters reinforces the conclusion that he is now the favorite candidate of the most powerful sector of the establishment. Anderson is a charter member of the Trilateral Commission and a longtime member of the Council on Foreign Relations. He is thus personally tied to David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank, who, as the founder of the commission and chairman of the CFR, is the leading figure in both organizations. Indeed, the Rockefeller family has been a major contributor to the Anderson campaign. Six different family members—including brothers Laurance and David—have given money to Anderson; and J. Richardson Dilworth, who manages the family's private financial assets, is one of Anderson's chief fund-raisers. This close connection suggests that as President, Anderson would draw upon their ideas and personnel, as every President since Franklin D. Roosevelt has done.

The identities of Anderson's top advisers reinforce this conclusion. They include three New York investment bankers, an aristocratic Harvard professor, and several academics with ties to important establishment policy-planning organizations. On foreign policy Anderson's main advisers are George Ball, a Lehman Brothers investment banker and until recently a director of AMAX Inc. and Burlington Industries, an active member of the Trilateral Commission and the Council on Foreign Relations; and Alton Frye, director of the Council on Foreign Relations program in Washington, D.C.

Both these men believe in the basic thrust of American foreign policy in the post–World War II years as defined by the CFR and Trilateral Commission: American military protection and the expansion of U.S. corporate interests abroad, blind hostility to nationalist movements in the Third World, big-power interventionism, foreign aid with strings attached, and support for foreign dictators friendly to the United States. Ball and Frye have, however, sometimes disagreed with the establishment consensus on how to implement these policies. For example, Ball was an early dissenter within the Johnson administration about how best to conduct the Vietnam War and has recently argued that the Carter-Brzezinski policy in Iran opens the way to possible Soviet penetration in the Persian Gulf. A foreign policy devised by these men offers us some tactical differences, but it is hardly a fundamentally distinct approach based on noninterventionism and justice in dealing with other nations.

Anderson's domestic policy advisers include Harvard professor George Cabot Lodge (a son of Henry Cabot Lodge), a CFR member who coauthored a report for the Trilateral Commission; Henry Kaufman, a Salomon Brothers investment banker who is also a CFR member; Robert Eisner, a Northwestern University economist who has been active in the

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All these men want more state planning in the interests of large corporations.

Conference Board; and Felix Rohatyn, a Lazard Frères investment banker who is a director of ITT, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, and—until recently—Engelhard Minerals and Chemicals. With the possible exception of Eisner, these men all favor increased state planning in the interests of certain dominant corporations.

The large contributors to Anderson's campaign in 1979 include many leading members of the establishment, among them:

David Rockefeller—Chairman, Chase Manhattan Bank; founder and North American chairman of Trilateral Commission, chairman of the CFR and a member of the Business Council and Business Roundtable.

John Hay Whitney—Chairman of the *International Herald Tribune*; related by marriage to William S. Paley, largest stockholder of CBS; and CFR member.

Andrew Heiskell—Chairman of the board, Time Inc.; married to Marian Sulzberger, a *New York Times* director and member of the family that controls that newspaper.

William W. Scranton—Former governor of Pennsylvania; a director of IBM, the *New York Times*, American Express, Bethlehem Steel, Mutual of New York, Scott Paper, Sun Oil; and a member of the CFR and Trilateral Commission.

Gaylord Freeman—Former chairman of First Chicago, the holding company for First National Bank of Chicago, and a director of First Chicago, Time Inc., Atlantic Richfield, and Northwest Industries.

Benno C. Schmidt—Managing partner of John Hay Whitney & Co. and a director of CBS.

William T. Coleman—Former secretary of transportation; senior partner in the law firm of O'Melveny and Myers; a director of IBM, AMAX, Pan Am, Pepsico; and a member of Trilateral Commission and the CFR.

Edmund W. Littlefield—Chairman of Utah International; a director of General Electric, Southern Pacific, Marcona, and Wells Fargo; and on the executive committee of the Business Council.

Walter N. Rothschild Jr.—New York investor who contributed heavily to Carter in 1976.

W. Clement Stone—Owner of Combined Insurance of Chicago, and a large contributor to Nixon in 1972.

Mrs. Donald Kendall—Wife of the Pepsico Inc. chairman.

Robert O. Anderson—Chairman of Atlantic Richfield Co.

Laurance S. Rockefeller—A director of Eastern Airlines and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund.

Daniel Sargent and Robert Bernhard—Partners in the prominent investment banking firm of Salomon Brothers.

Given Anderson's affiliations, advisers, and the fact that many of his campaign contributors have excellent connections with the dominant publishers and broadcasters, it is hardly surprising that leading media corporations would report favorably on his candidacy. The importance of these leading voices in current American politics, especially at the presidential level, cannot be exaggerated. They set the agenda for American politics and contribute significantly to selecting the candidates who will be allowed to debate that agenda. As Senator Robert Dole put it while running for the Republican presidential nomination: "The press in effect decides who the candidates are." The press influences a candidate's fortunes by defining him and his policy positions as "news," by giving him favorable coverage and favored placement (for example, stories run just before primaries), and by running negative stories on his opponents.

And so it has been with the establishment press and John B. Anderson. Its leaders are those that most interlock with the dominant institutions of this class: the multinational corporations and banks and the key private policy-planning organizations. Using these socioeconomic criteria, we find that the media most closely tied to the core of this establishment are: 1. The *New York Times*—controlled by the Ochs and Sulzberger families; 2. CBS—controlled by William S. Paley; 3. Time Inc.—controlled by the Luce, Larson, Temple, and Keeler families; and 4. The *Washington Post* and *Newsweek*—controlled by the Graham family.

These media, while well interlocked with the dominant corporations and banks—IBM, Morgan Guaranty Trust, Ford, Mobil Oil, Coca-Cola, Bankers Trust, U.S. Steel, Bristol-Myers, Citicorp, Atlantic Richfield, and many others—are also interested in goals loftier than mere commercial success. They seek to shape the political ideas and worldview of their readers and listeners toward accepting the political and economic status quo. This makes the establishment-controlled media, which strongly influence other media, a key part of America's political apparatus.

THE NEW YORK TIMES IS MOST OPEN in its favoritism toward Anderson. Two of its leading columnists, James B. Reston and Tom Wicker, repeatedly hailed Anderson as the most qualified, most intelligent, and most courageous candidate. Reston went so far as to say that Anderson was "overqualified," ignoring the fact that Anderson has served only as a congressman from Illinois, without executive or significant foreign policy experience. In January 1980, before the Iowa caucuses, the *Times* ran an editorial under the headline "Why Not the Best?" in which it observed that on energy, the "most important policy test for Presidential candidates," Anderson "makes more sense than the other candidates." Calling him "bipartisan," "socially liberal," and "financially conservative," the *Times* argued that "He deserves at least the chance to show more. We hope the voters in New Hampshire and other early primary states give it to him." Next came an article strongly favorable to Anderson in the *Times*' Sunday magazine on February 17, just nine days before the New Hampshire primary.

And once it was clear that the Anderson candidacy had failed to win over Republican voters, the *Times* played a key role in Anderson's decision to run as an independent. On March 20, two days after his loss in Illinois, the newspaper suggested that he run as an independent, printing an editorial, a news article, and two opinion columns on this topic all on one day. One of the opinion pieces was by John B. Oakes, a member of the *Times*' controlling family. On one day in mid-April the Times ran two front-page stories on Anderson. One reported a *New York Times*-CBS poll showing that Anderson had a real chance to become president by drawing votes equally from both Carter and Reagan. A few days later Anderson declared as an independent candidate.

Similar favoritism toward Anderson has been shown by CBS, *Time*, the *Washington Post*, and *Newsweek*. In the case of

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Sally Quinn wrote a profile so gushing it is quoted in Anderson's campaign ads.

CBS, its top-rated "60 Minutes" ran a positive segment on Anderson in February, immediately before the New Hampshire primary. Later news spots were also favorable to Anderson's candidacy as an independent. On May 13, for example, the "CBS Evening News" reported that Anderson was doing well in the north and west and could win in November.

The same pattern of coverage is true of *Time* magazine; its editors invited Anderson to a private lunch in January, "always a sign of a candidate's legitimacy," as Bob Greene, a columnist for the *Chicago Tribune*, put it. *Time* has run several long, positive articles on Anderson, taking care to quote liberally from Anderson's friends. As one *Time* story concluded:

> . . . he should be a top contender. James Gannon, Executive Editor of the *Des Moines Register*, calls Anderson a "silver-haired orator with a golden tongue, a 17-jewel mind and a brass backbone." Respected on Capitol Hill for his courage, he was one of the first of the Republicans to call for the resignation of Richard Nixon. Senator Robert Dole, a long-shot rival for the GOP nomination himself, says flatly: "Anderson is the brightest man running for President."

The *Washington Post* and the coowned newsmagazine *Newsweek* have also been strongly favorable toward Anderson. The *Post* has claimed that Anderson has "fresh ideas," a "lively mind," is "articulate," "attractive," and "could win."

In mid-January, *Post* reporter Sally Quinn—married to Ben Bradlee, the paper's executive editor—wrote a long profile, so gushing that it is quoted in Anderson's campaign literature, which opened by ruminating on what a fine name Anderson has ("The name sounds right. Clear, simple, unadorned, unpretentious") and quickly deteriorated into Hollywood press agentry:

> John Anderson is the no-frills candidate of the 80s, the sturdy, sensible shoes for the long uphill climb of the next decade. No high-heeled, rhinestone-studded ankle straps here. The man is solid . . . . He's not slick like Connally or Baker, or aloof like Reagan. He's right there looking you in the eye, talking straight, telling you what he believes whether you like it or not. He doesn't try to flatter, cajole, stroke or impress. There is no small talk in him, though he is not solemn. He is opinionated without being judgmental, open-minded without vacillating, unglamorous yet not boring. He is the antithesis of the self-indulgence of the 70s. He seems like a good, decent, honest, intelligent, dedicated man.

Meanwhile, *Newsweek* has quoted people as saying Anderson is the "ablest" candidate and that he "pursues the politics of principle by taking against-the-grain positions with buzz-saw candor," noting that he "has become the phenomenon of this campaign spring—an antihero who has caught and galvanized the discontents of American youth and affluence in ways that Eugene McCarthy or George McGovern might have envied."

Other newsmen have noticed the special treatment that Anderson has been receiving. As early as January 31, *Tribune* columnist Bob Greene wrote that "the press has picked its man": Anderson, "the candidate that influential members of the news media would like to see win the Republican nomination." Citing, among others, the *New York Times*, *Time*, and *People* (owned by Time Inc.), Greene concluded that the "most remarkable thing" about Anderson's candidacy was that "the press is starting to get behind it almost before the public has noticed it." In late March Lou Cannon, the *Washington Post*'s western bureau chief, said of Anderson and the media: "We've had a role in *creating* his candidacy. We like odd men out and windmill tilters." Anderson of course has close connections with the powers that be and thus is no odd man out. Nor indeed is he a windmill tilter.

The group most exposed to and influenced by these voices is often labeled the new middle class. Comprising perhaps 15 to 20 percent of the electorate, it includes people who are highly educated and well-paid, white collar, professional, technical, and managerial workers, along with many small businessmen. This group is concentrated in college towns and affluent urban and suburban areas. It plays an important role in American politics because of its size, high income, expertise, and political activism. Since this group takes most of its social, cultural, ideological, and political cues from the establishment and its media, it is no surprise to find many members of this new middle class solidly behind the Anderson candidacy. In California's Republican primary, for example, Anderson received his highest percentages of the vote in and around San Francisco, an area with a high concentration of such voters. In Massachusetts one of his biggest margins of victory came in the Brookline area, with a similar electorate. The social base of Anderson's candidacy is closely related to his chic political style and Republican progressive ideology.

The political style that appeals to the Anderson crowd is that of a man who is well-educated, candid, articulate, and witty, and whose moral stance precludes involvement in the nitty-gritty and the grimy wheeling-dealing of traditional politics. Anderson is their kind of vanguard leader, a new face, a "star" who is different and attracts followers interested in beautiful people and bright happenings, cocktails with supporters Norman Lear, Paul Newman, Kurt Vonnegut, and Gore Vidal. He has no commitments to constituencies that might dim his image—workers, minorities, or the welfare poor—in short, no embarrassing poor relations.

IN TERMS OF IDEOLOGY, ANDERSON IS A "progressive" Republican. He has come to this position over the last dozen years after beginning his career as a laissez-faire Goldwater Republican. During his first three terms as a congressman (1960–66) he received very high ratings from the conservative Americans for Constitutional Action and low ones from the liberal Americans for Democratic Action. His conversion to born-again progressivism, stressing government intervention, occurred gradually over the period between 1967 and 1973, when he also became a member of the Council on Foreign Relations and the Trilateral Commission. During the Vietnam War and Richard Nixon's presidency, Anderson supported the war in vote after vote; according to *Current Biography*, he "generally supported both the domestic and foreign policies of the Republican President." After the Watergate crimes were exposed, however, Anderson became one of the first Republicans to break with Nixon.

The details of his political conversion are unknown outside Anderson's own intimate circle, but no doubt it resulted from a combination of several things. By Anderson's own account,

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Anderson is not forming a third party; that might undercut the establishment.

it was his recognition during the urban uprisings of the late sixties that equal rights for minorities were necessary to stabilize the system and prevent even greater disruption. This insight, typical of the approach of the more farsighted members of the establishment, made Anderson amenable to the approaches of the pillars of the national community, who are always on the lookout for intelligent, attractive, pragmatic, and ambitious politicians to serve their interests.

In effect the deal was made, and Anderson gradually became the man he is today. His newly acquired progressivism, the dominant ideology of the establishment, has put him—by his own admission in a *Playboy* interview this summer—closer to the politics of Carter and Kennedy than to those of Reagan and the current mainstream of today's Republican party.

MANY OF ANDERSON'S CURRENT policy positions can be traced directly back to the Progressive era and to Theodore Roosevelt, one of his heroes. He stresses the efficacy of government intervention to stabilize the economy, to solve social problems, and to serve corporate interests through subsidies and regulations to eliminate "irresponsible" business conduct. Anderson is thus disturbed by Reagan's domestic policies: "I just think he believes that Government is irrelevant and almost unnecessary," says Anderson. As a social liberal Anderson favors the ERA, legal equality for minorities, environmental protection, gun control, and welfare reform. But as a moderate fiscal conservative he opposes wage and price controls, a national health care plan, and the Kemp-Roth tax cut, and advocates a balanced budget, a 50-cents-a-gallon gasoline tax, and oil decontrol with a windfall profits tax. He thus represents an attempt to preserve the old Progressive tradition within the GOP against a rightist offensive.

A key aspect of this progressivist outlook—from Theodore Roosevelt through Wilson, Franklin Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, Johnson, and Carter—has been a vigorously nationalistic and expansionistic foreign policy. Anderson is by and large a supporter of Carter's foreign policy and of greatly increased military spending. He supports the neutron bomb and Trident submarine programs, for example, and opposes the B-1 bomber and MX missile only because he feels they are not cost-effective. Anderson supports Carter's foreign policy on trade, the Soviet Union, China, the Middle East, and Latin America. In fact, in many respects Anderson is the Jimmy Carter of 1980—another Trilateral Commission member who is relatively unknown, perceived as sincere and candid, is deeply religious, a social liberal and a fiscal conservative. And, like Carter in 1976, Anderson has received excellent coverage from the dominant media and has strong ties to the big multinational corporations, investment bankers, and the Washington-Boston corridors of power.

This brings us again to the fundamental reasons why Anderson is running as an independent candidate. The overriding cause is a fear of the instability that might come from mass dissatisfaction with the present front-running candidates and the government itself. Anderson and those behind him appreciate this key fact and want to channel voter dissatisfaction into a campaign that will do the least damage to the American political structure. Anderson argues, therefore, that his mission is to bring the "growing body of nonvoters . . . back into the process if it is to remain healthy." To Anderson and his advisers, the American political system is losing its ability to act as a vent for popular discontent. "Normally . . . an election serves as a kind of safety valve," Anderson claims, "relieving the pressure as people get a chance to throw the rascals out." Since both Carter and Reagan appear as "rascals" to about half of the electorate, they obviously offer even less of a choice than usual. Thus Anderson is another "choice" thrown in to offer the illusion of a real decision.

Anderson is not forming a third party, since that might undercut the traditional establishment control of the two-party system. He openly states that his aim is to "revitalize" the electoral system, seeing this historical period as "an opportunity to strengthen the system. What we have now is a one-and-a-half party system. We need two strong centrist parties." As Anderson adviser George Ball argues, it is "a multiplicity of unstable parties that opens the door to radicalism."

A secondary reason why Anderson is running is related to the first. To fully half the American voters both Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter are unacceptable presidential choices. The establishment is not wholeheartedly backing Jimmy Carter, although he has done virtually everything it has wanted, because he is not charismatic enough to sell his program to the people. Furthermore, in this unpredictable election year, Carter's prospects for survival are shaky. Without Anderson in the race, the way might be left open for a new radical third party to gain substantial support. Without Anderson in the race, a collapsed Carter candidacy could also result in a landslide for Reagan, strengthening the hand of some of the Californian's more right-wing backers in the political maneuvering to come.

While Reagan is ultimately acceptable to many of the people behind Anderson—as governor of California he behaved much like a corporate liberal—Reagan is much more closely tied to the new rich, wheeler-dealer, laissez-faire types of the West and South, and it is not clear who would control him and his presidency. The more farsighted establishment leaders would prefer a less nationalistic, more pragmatic, and less ideological candidate than Reagan appears to be. A Reagan presidency could push the Republican party even more decisively to the right, undercutting the two-party system and encouraging a polarization of American politics and parties. This could weaken establishment control, which is maintained primarily by controlling the center of both parties. And what, after all, do the Rockefellers and DuPonts have to lose through an Anderson candidacy? At the very worst, his presence on the ballot could throw the election into the House, where their boy Jimmy, battered but still serviceable, will be reelected; at best, in a chaotic election year, a series of miscalculations and unforeseen catastrophes in the campaigns of the two major candidates could put Anderson in the White House. ❑

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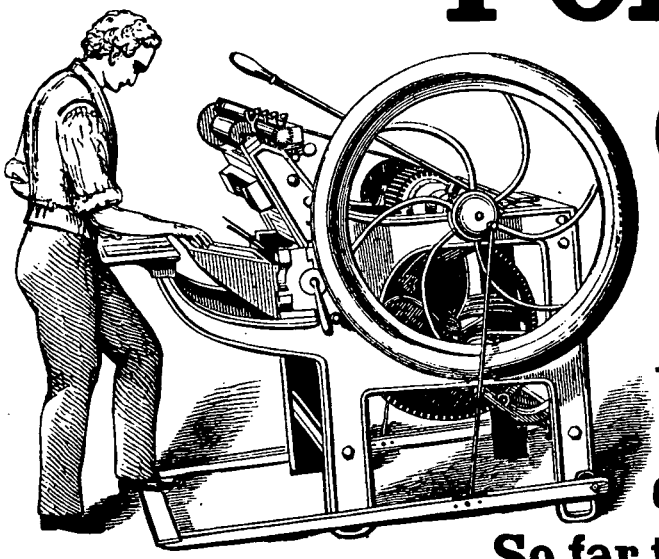
FLOUTING POLAND'S CENSORS



An independent publishing network thrives in open defiance of official censorship. So far the Gierek regime has been remarkably tolerant, but both sides know they are playing a dangerous game.

By CHARLES SAWYER

MOST STUDIES OF censorship that appear in the mass media portray it as an all-or-nothing situation, but the reality is quite the reverse. For example, until recently in the United Kingdom the office of the lord chancellor was officially charged with censoring the theater—but in fact political commentary went untouched while the censor used a heavy hand on sexual content. At the other extreme is Czechoslovakia, where no official censorship exists at all—yet only a fool would publish criticism of the Czech government and expect to get away with it. Unofficial censorship there is so widespread, and the risks to career and personal liberty so great for anyone who violates it, that many Czechs long for the good old bad days of the censor. At least in those days, they say, there was a clear policy, and you could negotiate with the censor: "I'll take that out if you let me keep this in."

This intricate interplay between politics and control of the media is often overlooked in favor of dramatic accounts of *samizdat* literature hammered out ten carbons at a time in the middle of the night. Less colorful—but far more fascinating—is the case of Poland, where dissenters from the strict and comprehensive censorship have been allowed to form their own press completely outside the bounds of censorship. The government has not moved to crush this overground underground, which it could do easily; it simply keeps up a steady stream of pressure to ensure that its outlets are limited. And as we shall see, the writers collaborate in this system of "keeping the lid on not quite tight."

The office of censorship in Poland can enforce sweeping regulations restricting anything from the weekly letters of the Catholic bishops, read aloud in the churches of every diocese in Poland (it is forbidden to print them), to the Polish constitution (excerpts may be printed, provided they are not quoted to show poor compliance or noncompliance). Despite the authority of the censor and the extremely wide scope of these regulations, in Poland today an independent press functions in open defiance of the censorship laws. It consists of a constellation of journals, literary magazines, newsletters, and bulletins, plus a book-publishing house.

Only the actual physical production and distribution of these publications remains secret; all other aspects—authorship, editorship, and sales—are carried on openly, without the protection of anonymity. During the first three years after the uncensored press began publishing on a large scale the authorities did not prosecute the authors or pub-

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lishers; they limited their intervention to the confiscation of printing presses and stocks of materials and printed copies when they could lay their hands on them. Miroslaw Chojecki—who heads the largest underground publishing operation, *Nowa*—was arrested last March, along with three associates, on charges of misappropriating a broken-down government mimeograph machine. They were not sent to jail, however, receiving only suspended sentences when their trial ended on June 12.

The scale and openness of the independent uncensored press in Poland today are without precedent anywhere in Eastern Europe since World War II. In the summer of 1979, intellectual circles throughout the country were electrified by the publication of a new novel by Tadeusz Konwicki, one of Poland's leading authors. After Konwicki's previous novel, *The Polish Complex*, was turned down by the censor, the author offered the book to *Nowa*—the name is an acronym meaning independent publishing house—which published it illegally without the censor's imprimatur. Konwicki found the experience of unfettered publication so agreeable that he set to work on a new novel, intended from its conception for publication in the uncensored press. The result, *Small Apocalypse,* has the distinction of being the first novel in recent memory to be published in Poland without ever having been submitted to the censor.

Scarcely a month after its release in an edition of 4,000 copies printed on coarse pulpy paper, it was difficult to find a Polish intellectual, dissident or not, who had not read *Small Apocalypse.* Eventually more than 10,000 copies were printed. Opinions on its literary quality range from very good to masterful; the consensus was strong that this was Konwicki's best book to date, and there was nearly unanimous agreement that the book is the most important recent commentary on social and political conditions in Poland. Set in some unspecified time in the future, it describes a Polish dissident's wanderings in Warsaw as he deliberates self-immolation on the steps of the great Palace of Culture at the very moment when the leader of the Soviet Union (thinly disguised in the parable) is leaving a reception there. The book's power lies in the atmosphere of utter despair evoked in Konwicki's description of a city transformed by the logical extremes of Stalinist terror and socialist sterility. For any reader living in contemporary Poland the parallel with present-day conditions is too close not to be deeply depressing.

Printed pages are taken from the plant with the ink still wet.

VICTOR WOROSZYLSKI, who edited *Small Apocalypse,* describes it as the product of a truly liberated man. "Once Konwicki began to write without the censor in mind his creative powers flourished as never before," says Woroszylski. He himself stopped writing for the legitimate press after he was blacklisted in 1976 for publicly protesting proposed changes in the Polish constitution.

Woroszylski's own case is interesting. A young idealist who joined the Party in the euphoria after World War II, he was awarded a fellowship to study at the Gorky Institute of Literature in Moscow from 1952 to 1956. His disillusionment began in 1956 when he was sent to cover Budapest's growing unrest for a Polish daily. He witnessed the bloodiest days of the Hungarian insurgency, which he reported in a book titled *Hungarian Diary.*

For the next twenty years, Woroszylski worked as a translator, poet, and novelist, always within reach of the censor's pencil. Then in 1976 the government published a revised constitution which included three items seriously compromising the rights of Polish citizens and Polish national autonomy: a declaration of the "leading role" of the Communist party in national affairs ("Poland is by constitution a one party state"), a pledge of eternal friendship with the Soviet Union ("Poland is by constitution allied with the Soviet Union"), and a clause that makes citizens' rights dependent on fulfillment of their civil duties ("citizens' rights in Poland are not inalienable but instead may be suspended when the authorities are displeased"). Woroszylski could not remain silent and joined other artists and academics in protesting these changes. The uproar of public opinion forced the government to withdraw two of the objectionable items, but the "leading role of the Party" remained as part of the new constitution.

After the furor died Woroszylski found himself suddenly cut off from the established press. Defiantly he organized some of his colleagues from the Writers Union who faced the same difficulty in finding outlets among established journals and publishing houses. They began publishing an uncensored literary journal titled *Zapis* ("list"), after the censor's list of forbidden authors. The first issue, comprised of essays and fiction rejected by the censor, was published in an edition of twelve typed copies. Soon after its appearance, this issue was retyped on mimeograph stencils and a few hundred copies were run off. Demand spread, so the second issue was prepared on more durable stencils that yielded around a thousand copies. *Zapis* is now in its tenth issue.

Woroszylski's name and the names of others on his staff appear on the masthead of *Zapis,* a practice followed at other uncensored publications in Poland. After the great success of the first few issues of *Zapis* the authorities offered Woroszylski rapprochement and removal from the censor's blacklist if only he would stop publishing his journal. He refused. Privately he admits that his role as editor of an illegal journal has brought new tensions to his life because of the secrecy and the threat of eventual prosecution, but he says they're less of a burden than the schizoid condition he endured for twenty years while trying to speak his mind and at the same time avoid the heavy hand of the censor.

Zapis is just one of many publications produced by the conglomerate *Nowa,* which keeps twenty-odd people occupied full-time and scores of others busy with part-time jobs. Sales of *Nowa* publications provide a living wage for some of the staff. The remaining employees are paid by contributions of Western authors, Saul Bellow among them, who donate the royalties their books earn from Polish translations to support the country's uncensored press. In two years *Nowa* has published fifty volumes, a level of efficiency previously unknown in Poland. The quality of printing is of necessity usually poor. The paper is low grade and the masters used on the sheet-fed, hand-operated printing machines are stretched to the absolute limit of legibility. Paper can be obtained only in small quantities from stationery shops to avoid attracting suspicion, unless a sympathetic or corrupt warehouse foreman can be persuaded or bribed to falsify

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records. One of *Nowa*'s publications was printed on a commercial printing press by a pressman who could easily stay in his plant after hours without raising suspicion. (He was well paid for the risks he took.) In order to minimize the hazards of discovery, the freshly printed sheets were taken from the plant every night, the ink still sticky. As a result the pages of that particular book were printed on one side only. Some issues of *Zapis* have been printed in Great Britain by *Index on Censorship,* a journal that spotlights censorship in the world press, and smuggled into Poland by sympathetic travelers.

Authors and editors who publish in the uncensored press in Poland are usually barred from publishing in the legitimate press, but they are not ostracized as are dissident authors in the Soviet Union and other East Bloc countries. In Czechoslovakia, writers who publish their works in *samizdat* are expelled from the Czech Writers Union and soon find that only other *samizdat* authors will associate with them. In Poland it is quite another matter. Authors like Woroszylski continue to be members in good standing of the Polish Writers Union and find no shortage of good fellowship among fellow authors, editors, and translators. A Polish writer may even live in the Writers Union retreat in the countryside while writing a novel or political tract for publication in the uncensored press.

How very badly matters stand in the regulated media was demonstrated recently with the defection of a bureaucrat from the censor's office in Kraków. Tomasz Spryewski, a former employee of the Kraków branch of the Central Office for Control of the Press, Publications and Public Spectacles, left Poland for the West, bringing with him seven hundred pages of confidential instructions giving guidelines to be applied in censorship. These documents show the Draconian complexity of the censorship regulations, which divide the subjects into several extremely broad areas including church affairs, Polish history, ideology, economic reporting, and management of public affairs. Certain events, names of people and places, and some economic statistics must not be mentioned. Others may be mentioned only in certain contexts and then only if they are treated according to carefully detailed citation procedures.

All overt criticism of the Soviet Union is strictly forbidden. One particularly sensitive item is the massacre of 14,000 Polish officers in the Katyn forest in 1940. Overwhelming evidence points to the Soviet Army as responsible for this atrocity. In a marvelous demonstration of the internal logic of censorship, the censor's guidelines specify that any allusion to Soviet responsibility should be deleted from references to the Katyn massacre. The date of the massacre may be put no earlier than August of 1941, when the Germans pushed Russian troops out of the area; and Polish officers detained by the Red Army in September 1939 may be referred to as "internees" but not as "prisoners of war."

The illegal press is known as the only honest game in town.

Mention of the Katyn affair is not likely to appear anywhere but in scholarly works. More problematic for the mass media is how to treat Cambodia. Before it was invaded by the Vietnamese army, Cambodia received little attention in the Polish press; when it was mentioned, it was either to praise the Cambodian revolution or to condemn the Cambodian army for provocations on the Cambodian-Vietnamese border. However, once Vietnamese forces began a full-scale military operation to unseat the Cambodian government, the Polish press then gave a long list of sins the Pol Pot regime committed against the Khmer people.

Because most omissions by the Polish press go uncorrected, such pressing political motives for disclosure are rare. The omissions may be large, like statistics on the number of boat people expelled from Vietnam, or small, like the amounts of coffee consumed in Poland—data censored in order to prevent any interested economist from calculating the amount of coffee reexported out of Poland. Generally speaking, all accurate news of the Polish economy is suppressed since prices and wages are the most explosive issues in Poland today.

Edward Gierek's government pays a heavy cost for this policy of keeping the lid on as loosely as it does. First, the uncensored press has acquired a special prestige as the only honest game in town. In just two years, publication in *Zapis* or any of the other uncensored publications of *Nowa* has become a status symbol among Polish literati. Until there was an alternative to the censored press, Polish authors accepted the censor as a fact of life and negotiations with the office of censorship as part of the normal process of publication. In effect, the censor was a special kind of editor; ordinary editors might ask an author to cut a manuscript to reduce printing costs and the censor would ask for other cuts to reduce the political cost. It was not a pleasant arrangement, but authors learned to live with it. Now there is an alternative, not without its price, of course, in both the long run and the short.

The long-range price is, for the moment, strictly hypothetical because it will be paid only if the present liberal policy is reversed. When that happens, authors who are now writing for the independent press can expect reprisals—which must occur to all Polish authors who consider seeking freer expression in the uncensored press. This is implicit in the phrase "telephone liberalism," used to describe the liberal policy of the government. It is "telephone" because one telephone call from President Gierek or his minister of the interior could revoke it. If and when that might happen depends on such unknowns as the life spans of Leonid Brezhnev and John Paul II. The short-range penalty is usually exclusion from the legitimate press and its wider circulation and greater pay. These risks only serve to enhance the status of those who publish in the uncensored press; they are a kind of badge of courage certifying the integrity of the author. Willy-nilly the regime is creating an intellectual elite by its policy of leaving the lid slightly askew.

THE OTHER PROBLEM the regime must face is more serious. The cumulative effect of decades of censorship is an almost total distrust of the mass media in Poland by citizens of every class and level of education. Nothing demonstrated this more convincingly than the press coverage of an explosion of undetermined origin that devastated a crowded bank in downtown Warsaw in the spring of 1979. The blast occurred during peak business hours in the Rotunda Bank, a modern, circular, glass-paneled building that faces a small square opposite the huge plaza in front of the great Palace of Culture. The scene was absurdly macabre:

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The pavement outside the bank was littered with glass, money, and carnage. Scores and scores of ambulances carried away the bodies as bystanders, too horrified and embarrassed to pick up the cold cash littered around, stood gaping.

Initial reports in the press fixed the number of dead at forty-six, and in subsequent days the toll was raised to forty-nine as more bodies were found. A three-man commission, including an expert on gas systems, was appointed to study the causes of the blast, and after a few months' inquiry an official explanation was published blaming the explosion on a leak in a gas main. Publicly, at least, the affair of the Rotunda Bank explosion was laid to rest.

But private speculation about the supposed causes of the disaster continued to flourish long after public speculation vanished from the pages of the daily newspapers. Virtually everyone agrees privately that the official explanation may be the true one, yet because of the tight censorship applied to any issue affecting confidence in the government, especially where public safety is concerned, there is absolutely no way to determine if there was any evidence to the contrary.

The fact most often challenged in the official account is the death toll. Unofficial estimates based on private accounts given by doctors from Warsaw hospitals put the number of dead at between 125 and 400. The reason for the low total given in government accounts, some dissidents say, is a UN accord that calls for nations to report any disaster in which fifty or more die. "You'd be surprised how many plane crashes in Poland claim forty-nine lives," said one Pole.

Private disbelief extends far beyond the number of casualties. The credibility gap created by the government and the censored press is so vast that the official explanation—though it could be true—is completely disregarded in favor of a wild array of theories, some of them plausible but many patently ridiculous. Privately Poles speculate endlessly over whether the bank was blown up by neo-Nazis, monarchists, Jews, disaffiliated Party members, or even government provocateurs. (Perversely, this final theory is fed by the efficient medical care given the victims of the explosion. "The ambulances are supposed to have arrived less than five minutes after the blast," said one citizen, "and if that's not conclusive proof that they were tipped off, then it's clear proof that someone besides Poles are now running our ambulance service.") The most charitable explanation given any credence is that the explosion was indeed an accident, and that the commission report, which singled out no individual for blame, covered up some degree of criminal negligence.

Gierek must be careful not to let the lid get any looser.

SUCH THEORIES ARE rampant because of the total absence of any independent agency to assert the right of the public to a full and satisfying answer. Under censorship, reporters were not free to question the bank manager, for example, or the switchboard operator who might have received a telephone call warning of an imminent explosion, if indeed it was a case of sabotage. Nor could reporters meet with the Rotunda Bank security guards to ask about possible signs of foul play. Nor was there any opportunity for a full discussion of the commission report in the press. A newspaper editor who concludes that the commission was not thorough and that the report was self-serving for the government's position must be content to express that opinion at a cocktail party in the company of friends he can trust not to quote him by name. More than that would lose him his job.

The Rotunda Bank disaster story did not have any of the delicate political considerations of, say, the Camp David accords. Nor did it involve the volatile ideological and nationalistic sentiments that accompanied the pope's visit to Poland. It was a local catastrophe, and the only issue at stake was the integrity of the government and its ability to protect its citizens. And still the Polish people refused to believe a single word that appeared in the official press.

These, then, are the costs incurred by the regime in following the policy of the not quite tight lid: the creation of a literary and cultural elite brave enough to write for the uncensored press, and the complete loss of credibility for its own mass media. Such a high price is not paid out of sheer stupidity or plain obstinacy; the Gierek government accrues some benefits. First, by allowing a small beleaguered press to publish outside the scrutiny of the censor the regime has the double advantage of appearing liberal to the foreign press (at least by comparison with Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union) and at the same time lowering internal pressure. So long as there is a small but steady escape of steam from the boiler, the opposition will not have a chance to build up enough pressure to blow the lid off entirely. At the same time the government is careful not to let the lid get too loose. Public criticism has a way of gathering momentum, as in the case of Czechoslovakia in 1967 and 1968. Officials in Warsaw cannot relax their tight control of the press for fear that they would lose control entirely. It is a plain fact that the regime of Edward Gierek could not withstand the pressure of widespread criticism.

Yet even if Gierek could survive the abolition of censorship, another consideration makes such a prospect utterly unthinkable both for him and for his harshest critics in the independent media: If the office of censorship were abolished, overt criticism of the Soviet Union in the Polish press would quickly follow—and just ask any Czech what that would mean. To relax censorship any further is to court, in the eyes of the Gierek government, a repeat of the tragedy in Prague. This fact is not lost on members of the democratic opposition. And no one can be more aware of it than *Zapis* editor Victor Woroszylski, an eyewitness to the carnage in Hungary twenty-three years ago. As much as the liberals of the uncensored press value their freedom of expression and as much as they hope to extend their impressive gains and attain full legitimacy, they must realize that a complete liberalization of the Polish press could bring Soviet troops to the streets of Warsaw. If that should happen, few doubt that Polish citizens would be much less stoic about the arrival of foreign troops in their streets than were the Czechs in 1968. The inexorable logic of this line of speculation is undoubtedly responsible for the self-restraint of critics published in the uncensored press, where attacks on the Gierek government focus on the incompetence and sterility of the regime. Everyone from the lowest echelon apparatchik to the most estranged dissident moves cautiously, lest he blow the lid. ❑

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THE PROGRESSIVE PRESIDENTS: Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Lyndon B. Johnson, by John Morton Blum. W. W. Norton, 221 pp., $11.95.

Runaway reformers

ROBERT J. BRESLER

*THE EVOLUTION OF AMERI*ca from a constitutional republic to an executive state is a painful story. Injunctions against foreign entanglements were once part of our national creed; now presidents periodically attach their names to doctrines that further extend the reach of American power. This conversion has accelerated most dramatically during the terms of our so-called liberal or progressive presidents. Is this a simple coincidence of history, or are the impulses for interventionism and war making rooted in the nature of American liberalism?

When World War I followed Wilson's New Freedom, the question was still highly speculative. When Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal preceded World War II and Harry Truman's (promised) Fair Deal preceded the war in Korea, the idea was dismissed as decidedly partisan. But when Lyndon Johnson's Great Society and the Vietnam War were almost simultaneous, the issue became too serious to be avoided. Even Arthur Schlesinger Jr., one of liberalism's most persistent defenders, now finds the problem troubling. Schlesinger recently acknowledged in the *New York Times Magazine* that "Once released to deal with problems at home, the activist impulse tends to spill over into foreign affairs. . . . There is a disturbing tendency for the United States to get involved in war during activist times."

Anyone writing an interpretive history of our liberal presidents should find it impossible to avoid these questions. But in these short essays John Morton Blum simply glides over the relationship between war and reform. He does acknowledge that his four progressive presidents (Harry Truman and John Kennedy are omitted without full explanation) did "invade the legitimate rights of other nations or the individual rights of Americans." But Blum explains it away: "These occasions did not grow out of liberal doctrine but out of the fallibility even of responsible men." The fault lies not in liberalism but in simple human weakness. The story, however, even as Blum tells it, leads to quite a different conclusion.

Although these presidents had no coherent ideology, they shared a belief in the power of the state to overcome the petty squabbles of pluralistic politics and to police the economy in the name of social justice and industrial efficiency. Congress was simply too parochial; it could not bring rational order to a modern industrial society. Imposing an equilibrium on the conflicting interests in American life required a President who could command center stage and invest the state with drama and transcendent purpose. Americans might then accept policies they would otherwise reject.

Theodore Roosevelt was the first example of such a President. Government, he believed, was too important to be a dumping ground for freeloaders. A system of industrial control required an elite of talent. TR had been appalled by the patronage system he saw at work when he was civil service commissioner. But expertise was not enough. As Blum put it, TR felt that "the imposition and maintenance of order depended upon power." Power could be manifested only through presidential initiative. The

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Northern Securities case, TR's first trust-busting effort, was his way of showing who was in charge. TR knew that order and presidential control could be achieved only by charismatic leadership and dramatic action.

But order at home required order abroad. Here, according to Blum, TR had to overcome two unhealthy illusions harbored by his countrymen: that the oceans and its traditions insulated the United States from involvement in world affairs, and that peace was the normal international condition. In matters of military preparedness and foreign policy TR believed that "the average American citizen does not take the trouble to think carefully or deeply." TR would have to do it for him.

Without congressional authorization TR seized Panama and sent the fleet to Tokyo Bay. He started a task that his liberal predecessors continued: conditioning Americans to accept an interventionist role in international diplomacy and to acknowledge the presidency as the focal point of the U.S. constitutional system. In a letter to an English friend, written in 1908, TR made it perfectly clear: "sending the fleet around the world, taking Panama, or bringing the big corporations to book. . . . I was establishing a precedent of value. I believe in a strong executive; I believe in power."

What TR made exceedingly obvious, Woodrow Wilson dressed in the language of the moralist. Through the establishment of the Federal Reserve Board, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Tariff Commission, Wilson continued the task of rationalizing the American economy. Reform meant, in Wilson's words, "control in the government itself." Wilson shared TR's faith in a government of experts. The dangers of centralization would be mitigated by the quality of the bureaucratic elite.

THE SAME IMPULSE FOR order drove Wilson in foreign policy. TR believed in power; Wilson believed in morality ("The force of America is the force of moral principle"). The result was the same: increased reliance on military force. Moralism only recognized fewer constraints. Wilson insisted that the progressive model of the state run by a technocratic elite be followed by America's neighbors, particularly Mexico. In his rush to "teach the South American Republics to elect good men," Wilson went to the brink of war with Mexico.

But Mexico was essentially a sideshow. The war in Europe was a far better opportunity for Wilson to exert his redeeming force. If the President were to be the sole instrument for rationalizing the domestic economy, he could bring the same principles of justice and order to the world. In his April 2, 1917, war message Wilson spoke of "a universal dominion of right."

In the short run, war and progressive goals were at least compatible, if not reinforcing. What was unthinkable in peacetime was politically acceptable in war. During World War I, the federal government managed food and industrial production, mediated labor disputes, and standardized wages and hours. Presidential authority over domestic affairs was dramatically enhanced. The Lever Food and Fuel Control Act of 1917 gave Wilson powers to seize factories, to fix the price of wheat, and to license businesses. But the package also included the Espionage Act of 1917 and the Sedition Act of 1918.

War contained the elements that were to destroy reform. Wilson had split with William Jennings Bryan and numerous New Freedom supporters in Congress in 1915 over the issues of preparedness and favoritism to Britain. He moved into a closer alliance with the business community and the party bosses who supported his interventionism. The war brought an admixture of repression and prosperity. While wartime business profits rose 30 percent and wages 70 percent, Americans were being prosecuted for criticizing the Red Cross and the YMCA and Eugene V. Debs was sent to jail.

Since World War I achieved none of Wilson's lofty aims, its prosperity produced both disillusionment and conservatism. As Wilson himself feared, the war brought "illiberalism and brutality." His administration ended in, to use Richard Hofstadter's phrase, a "riot of reaction."

TR and Wilson's belief that they could create a government maintained in perpetuity by a talented and responsible elite proved naive and destructive. Blum is not oblivious to the irony. "Avowed reactionaries," as he put it, "gained control of the political and regulatory apparatus the progressives had created." Eventually, the Albert Falls and Harry Daughertys (and in another generation the John Mitchells) arrived on the scene.

When a new era of reform began under FDR, the impact of TR and Wilson was obvious. Through the National Recovery Administration and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration FDR continued the rationalization of industry and agriculture, and through the Gold Act of 1934 he gained further control of monetary policy. Although Blum makes little of it, the similarities did not end here. For the link between reform and foreign intervention persisted. Early in the New Deal, appropriations from both the NRA and the Public Works Administration were diverted to naval construction and air force procurement. The lines between the welfare and warfare states were blurred from the beginning.

TR believed in power, Wilson in morality, yet the result was the same—more use of force.

By 1939–40 prosperity was once again tied to war and preparedness spending. Like Wilson, FDR found it necessary by the late 1930s to jettison the isolationist progressives from his coalition. Foreign policy considerations required him to relinquish the abrasive role of a reformer and practice the politics of national unity. Internationalist Republicans hostile to the New Deal, like Henry Stimson and Frank Knox, were brought into the cabinet. Blum acknowledges that as the 1940s began, "FDR dared not alienate conservative Democrats whose votes he needed for his military and foreign policies."

IN THE MAIN, LIBERALS were willing to postpone their domestic plans in order to fight another war for allegedly liberal goals. They stood by helplessly while a conservative Congress dismantled one of their most cherished experiments, the National Resources Planning Board, and while party bosses drove Henry Wallace from the ticket in 1944. Liberals emerged from World War II as decidedly junior partners in an internationalist bipartisan coalition. They had hoped that a war for liberalism abroad would encourage liberalism at home. In fact

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their programs (civil rights, aid to education, medical insurance) were to lie fallow for almost a generation.

Of all four presidents Blum seems least comfortable with Lyndon Johnson. Blum strains to find differences between this crude war maker and his progressive mentors. Blum describes LBJ as being "without humility" and with a "warped sense of his own majesty." But Johnson was clearly in the tradition; he merely carried things a step further. TR invoked the Commander-in-Chief clause to seize Panama, and LBJ invoked it to wage war in Vietnam. Both TR and Wilson believed in an elite of talented generalists to run the government, but LBJ, in Blum's words, "recognized the need to recruit a new class of experts for the expanding business of government."

"In contrast to Roosevelt in 1936," Blum writes, "Johnson in 1964 cultivated the managers of American industry, a marked departure from liberal practice." Substitute 1940 (or 1916) for 1936 and Blum's point is lost. Johnson practiced in 1964 the same prewar centrist politics of Wilson and FDR. In speaking of the 1964 election, Blum remarks, "Outside the President's fold stood only inveterate Republicans, adamant southern segregationists and still a small corpus of blue-collar whites."

Under Johnson the liberals seemed unable to learn from their own past. Having long since embraced internationalism and having again tied their domestic goals to the fortunes of an interventionist President, liberals stood virtually mute, lamely supporting the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. Unlike his predecessors, Johnson had no need to forge a new consensus. There were no Borahs, La Follettes or Nyes to confront. Senators Morse and Gruening were dismissed as gadflies representing no important constituency.

Again war destroyed the reformers' plans and served up government to the reactionaries. This time it was not a matter of Warren Harding and his roguish associates' inheriting the positive regulatory state. Now the stakes were higher. Richard Nixon and his associates were to gain control of the vast machinery of the national security state, and in a moment of profound irony, turn it against the liberals themselves.

In spite of everything Blum finds it possible to conclude that the progressive presidents "in the large raised the quality of national life."

Some myths die hard and some not at all.

THE MODERN SCHOOL MOVEMENT: Anarchism and Education in the United States, by Paul Avrich. Princeton University Press, 472 pp., $37.50 hardback, $15.75 paper.

Educating despite the state

NICOLAS WALTER

ONE OF THE TOP POP records of the past year on both sides of the Atlantic, especially among schoolchildren, was *Another Brick in the Wall,* made by the left-wing English group Pink Floyd with some pupils from the Islington Green School in London. Over a deliberately unmusical backing, the deliberately ungrammatical lyrics run as follows:

We don't need no education,
We don't need no thought control,
No dark sarcasm in the classroom,
Teacher, leave them kids alone;
Hey, teacher, leave them kids alone!
All in all, you're just another
*brick in the wall.**

This is where we have arrived after more than a century of compulsory state education. One of the marks of a modern civilized nation is that all its inhabitants are forced by law to spend at least ten years at school; this is the main way the dominant groups in society impose their political, moral, and cultural norms. And one of the results of this system is that it is variously detested or despised by a large proportion of its victims. The state schools don't produce artists or writers or thinkers or innovators or creators of any kind; those who appear do so in spite of rather than because of their schooling. What our schools produce is a huge liquid mass of mediocrity, in which the dregs are a growing number of dissidents and delinquents and the scum consists of a growing number of intellectuals and officials who keep the whole system going.

But there have always been pockets of resistance both inside and outside this system, bubbles of originality and vitality, pools of liberty and fraternity where real education takes place. One of these is the subject of *The Modern School Movement.*

It is hardly necessary to praise a new book by Paul Avrich. Thirteen years ago he established himself in a single stride as one of the leading historians of the anarchist movement in the English-speaking world with the publication of the standard history, *The Russian Anarchists*; since then he has steadily been strengthening his position with a series of books which he has written or edited or encouraged.

For the first part of this career, beginning in the early 1960s, Avrich specialized in the Russian movement. For the second part of his career, beginning in the early 1970s, he turned to the movement in America. In the preface to his definitive biography of Voltairine de Cleyre, *An American Anarchist* (1978), he explained that he had originally intended "to produce a comprehensive history of American anarchism from its seventeenth-century origins until recent years, embracing the individualists and collectivists, the native Americans and immigrants, the pacifists and revolutionists, and their libertarian schools and colonies," but that this project soon burst the bounds of a single book.

Thus he eventually decided "to tell the story of American anarchism through the lives of selected figures who, in large measure, shaped the destiny and character of the movement." In this "biographical history of a movement," he added, "every effort will be made to portray the anarchists as they really were, rather than as they have appeared in the fantasies of policemen and journalists and not a few historians, who have neglected to look up the sources from which any reliable study must be made." *The Modern School Movement,* which is the second installment of this enterprise, is therefore no scholastic academic analysis or sensational journalistic exposure of a dead political experiment. It is rather a significant collective biography of the men and women (and children) who for half a century kept alive in the United States an idea planted in Spain by Francisco Ferrer.

The book begins with an account of the life and death of Ferrer, one of the most remarkable figures in the most remarkable national movement in anar-

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chist history. He was born in Catalonia in 1859, became a Freemason and republican, took part in various subversive activities, and took refuge in France in 1885. He became an atheist and anarchist, worked as a teacher, and decided to start a school back in Barcelona—with a legacy from a rich sympathizer.

Ferrer combined the theoretical tradition of leading anarchist writers with the practical tradition of leading educational reformers. His Modern School was libertarian and rationalist, free from both church and state, from both rewards and punishments, teaching boys and girls together on a basis of scientific knowledge and practical experience. Its growth was rapid and its influence was wide, but it was suppressed by the authorities after an anarchist attack on the king in 1906. Ferrer was himself accused of complicity in the attack and was detained for a year before being acquitted for lack of proof. (Avrich accepts his innocence, discounting the contrary evidence offered in 1968 by Joaquín Romero Maura, even though this includes subsequent testimony by Ferrer's acquaintances.)

Ferrer toured Western Europe for two years, publicizing his educational ideas and gaining much agreement and assistance, but in 1909 he was accused of complicity in the Barcelona rising known as the Tragic Week. This time the authorities were more successful, despite his obvious innocence, and after a mock military trial he was shot on October 13, 1909. His last words were: "Long live the Modern School!" The martyrdom of Ferrer was an international scandal in which his anarchism was played down and he was mourned as an innocent educator; his work received far more favorable publicity after his death than during his life. His example was soon followed by the founding of modern schools in more than a dozen countries around the world. The Ferrer movement in the United States, which lasted longest of all, is the subject of the rest of Avrich's book.

WITHIN A YEAR OF FERRER's death, the Francisco Ferrer Association was formed and Alexander Berkman started a Sunday school in New York City. Within a few more years modern schools had spread across the country. Avrich lists more than thirty that were part of or close to the Ferrer movement during the following half-century, including some German, Italian, and Spanish schools. Most were short-lived and little-known, and take up only a few pages. The longest-lived and best-known were the Ferrer Modern School, which was founded in New York City in 1911, moved to Stelton, New Jersey, in 1915, and lasted until 1953; the Mohegan Modern School at Crompond, New York, which lasted from 1924 to 1941; and the Modern School at Lakewood, New Jersey, which lasted from 1933 to 1958.

Avrich is at his best in the detailed narrative history of the schools. He has been able to use unpublished as well as published source material, and also to interview dozens of people from the movement. Those who were involved in or associated with it at one time or another make a remarkable list. At first there were socialists like Jack London, liberals like Clarence Darrow, and anarchists like Emma Goldman, but the movement was generally dominated by anarchists, including leading figures from Voltairine de Cleyre at the beginning to Rudolf Rocker at the end. There were also many people better known in other connections—Margaret Sanger the birth-control pioneer, Will Durant the philosopher (who ran the New York school until he married a fifteen-year-old pupil in 1913), Eugene O'Neill the dramatist, Man Ray the artist, Mike Gold the novelist, Joseph Ishill the printer, and many more (not to forget the children of the Rosenbergs and the mother of Joan Baez).

But full attention is also given to the more obscure people in the movement who gave their lives to anarchist organization and libertarian education. My favorites are a British couple, Jim and Nellie Dick. Jim had run a Ferrer school in Liverpool from 1908 to 1911, and Nellie (then Naomi Ploschansky) had run one in London from 1912 to 1916; during the First World War they married and emigrated to the United States, where they ran various schools from 1917 to 1953. Nellie is quoted as saying in an interview in 1972: "My views on education have remained essentially the same—just being human to the children."

Avrich's biographical emphasis keeps up the human interest but leaves readers to draw their own conclusions. One is that the Ferrer movement was the most important American source of libertarian theory and practice from before the First World War until after the Second World War. Another is that it depended on a few determined activists and generous benefactors. Yet another is that the most successful schools were associated with successful cultural or communal activities; thus Avrich emphasizes that Stelton was "the longest experiment in anarchist education and communal living in American history." (Britain can boast longer experiments in each—A. S. Neill's Summerhill school now being fifty-six years old and Whiteway Colony eighty-two years old—but not in both together.)

The final irony is that the Modern School Association—which the Francisco Ferrer Association became in 1916—was dissolved just before the revival of libertarian politics and education in the early 1960s. Subsequent events and last effects are dismissed in a few pages at the end of the book, but I should like to know more about the real impact of Ferrerist theory and practice in the United States. I should also like to know more about the connections of the American Ferrer movement with similar movements in other countries, and with the rest of the anarchist movement and the free education movement. But the important thing is that this episode is at last properly described on its own account rather than as an aspect of anarchism, communalism, or free education, and the job will never have to be done again. Once more Paul Avrich has put us in his debt. ❏

STILL LIFE

Where she sits
With apples
On her lap
Kindling snaps
Into flame
What happens
Fits the frame

PAGAN POEM

Widespread as the waves
Of the rising sea
Boughs begin to wave
Above me as I lie
At ease in the shade—
If I could make out
With one of these trees
I would take root here
Never to leave this grove
Where the wind weaves
In and out of boughs
Shining overhead—
I would break all vows
That bind me to your bed
If I could make out
With one pine instead

—*SAMUEL MENASHE*

SAMUEL MENASHE is a native of New York City. His most recent book is To Open, *published by Viking Press.*

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ELIE HALÉVY: An Intellectual Biography, by Myrna Chase. Columbia University Press, 240 pp., $17.50.

At loose ends

ALAN RYAN

IT IS AN EMBARRASSMENT for the English—though it is an embarrassment they share with the Americans—that the most distinguished study of their society in the nineteenth century was the work of a Frenchman. Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* is certainly a more famous cause for embarrassment than is Elie Halévy's *History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century,* but it is certainly no more readable than Halévy's work, and it is at least an open question whether it is any more intellectually distinguished. In a way, of course, it is, since Tocqueville established the tradition of concern with liberal democracy within which Halévy himself worked. But in a way it is not, since the eighty years that separates them saw the transformation of social theorizing from a subject for gifted amateurs into one for professionals. At any rate, it is a mark of the distinction of Halévy's work that it bears the comparison; not much does.

The present intellectual biography of Halévy by the American scholar Myrna Chase is not so remarkable as to heap further embarrassment on English academics, but it is quite good enough to make one wonder why nobody from an English university beat her to it. Patriotism aside, I am glad that Professor Chase got there first; her intellectual mentors have been Gertrude Himmelfarb and R. K. Webb, and no guides could have been more valuable to the biographer of a historian who was obsessed with utilitarianism, Methodism, and the English talent for preserving "a moderate liberty." Chase is also far enough from the battle among English academic historians to have few personal ties to any of the warring factions; the resulting book is not always felicitously written and at times betrays what you might call Ph.D. nerves, but it is clear, lively, sensible, and continuously interesting.

ALAN RYAN is a fellow of New College, Oxford. He is the editor of The Philosophy of Social Explanation *and the author of* John Stuart Mill.

This is an achievement. Although Halévy is one of the most engaging of writers, he could easily be made to look a bit of a prig and a bit of a bore. His family is as well known to opera buffs as to historians, but he had no time for the life of the salon; he distinguished very sharply between high fashion and high thinking. Born in 1870, the year of the Franco-Prussian War, he was of just the right age to be swept away by the agitation of the Dreyfus affair, and he was in fact an active Dreyfusard. Since he was a Jew by origin, he was also of the right race to sympathize with the injustice done to the Jewish Captain Dreyfus, but Chase argues entirely persuasively that that had nothing to do with the matter. Halévy was self-conscious enough to scrutinize his own motives with a skeptical detachment. When he claimed that it was an attachment to the impartiality of justice that motivated him, he was reporting accurately.

Because he despised lies and intrigue, Halévy refused to enter French politics.

Once the Dreyfus case was over, Halévy declared himself a nonparticipant in French politics. It wasn't that he was anything other than desperately concerned for the social and political well-being of his country, before, during and after World War I. But he despised the world of intrigue in which the professional politician had to live and detested the necessity of telling lies for the public good; thus he resisted all efforts to induce him to join his relatives in the diplomatic service or the domestic administration.

As Myrna Chase observes, what Halévy thought an appropriate response to the political and social crises of France was to found a journal. The *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* was the result; the *Revue,* founded in 1893, for forty years interfered with Halévy's historical work—if you look at it in that light—or provided him with a continuous reminder of the philosophical and political inspiration behind his historical writing. In the written word, and in his classroom at the École Libre des Sciences Politiques, where he was professor of English institutions and economics from 1901 to 1937, Halévy found his political resources.

THE CURIOUS THING, OF course, is that in taking this route he was both very like and very unlike so many of his contemporaries. A belief in the importance of education is perhaps the self-serving delusion of all academics, but in the French Third Republic it amounted to a great deal more. The *lycées* and the *grandes écoles* were to be the instruments by which a secular, rational republicanism would gradually permeate the public mind and loosen the grip of reaction, clericalism, and monarchism. English readers always tend to be shocked by the enthusiasm with which writers like Halévy supported a purge of Catholicism in French education, since it seems inconsistent to defend Dreyfus against religious prejudice one day and then give vent to anti-religious prejudice the next. But this is simply the usual English blindness; England had been so thoroughly secularized, so long ago, that the very real battle Halévy and his friends were fighting was now no more than a memory there.

While most of his friends were concerned either with the peculiarities of France, or with the French versus the German traditions in philosophy, Halévy turned his attention across the Channel rather than across the Rhine. His questions were, up to a point, the old questions: above all, why the English had not had a revolution, either in 1789 or in 1830 or in 1848. His answers were complex, and by no means boiled down to the claim that the diffusion of Meth-

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odism had subverted the revolutionary impulse at the same time that it had induced greater sobriety and public spirit in the elite.

But, and this is the success of Chase's book, the way he came to his interest in the history of England in the nineteenth century owed almost everything to his concern with theoretical questions, a concern that doesn't come out just in his other masterpiece, *The Growth of Philosophic Radicalism,* but even more in his studies of the history of socialism. And, not surprisingly, it is as the historian and critic of socialist theories that Halévy is still remembered in France rather than as the social historian of nineteenth-century England; in England, sadly, his work on the history of socialism is hardly read at all. Chase's claim is not that Halévy had two strings to his bow and his two different audiences each took up what interested it, but that he had only one, and that each audience got a partial look at a single enterprise.

As to precisely what that enterprise was, it is hard to say in any way that doesn't either float at the level of generalities, or sink in the detail of his views on Saint-Simon, Ricardo, Hodgkin, or Marx. At the most general level, what Halévy saw before anyone else was that the various parties to the nineteenth-century battle between the state and the individual were divided in their allegiances. English utilitarianism had not been the creed of liberal individualists so much as a doctrine that licensed individualism only because benevolent despotism was so hard to come by—for all the obvious reasons suggested in Acton's dictum about the corrupting effect of power. Conversely, there had not been a simple conflict between interventionist socialists and noninterventionist laissez-faire enthusiasts for capitalism; Hodgkin proved the point, for he was a laissez-faire socialist and antiutilitarian.

What did this imply for Halévy's contemporaries? I think the trouble is that it remained quite unclear to him and to most of them. The dangers to be feared were clear enough; benevolent despotism was one, irrational nationalism was another. Long before anybody else saw it, Halévy was declaring that fascism and communism were more striking for their similarities than their differences, and that both satisfied a totalitarian impulse. The dilemmas into which Halévy's generation of liberals was habitually led were equally clear: Collective security was all very well, but could not be combined with pacifism; the principle of nationality and self-determination was all very well, but could not be combined with an attachment to international bodies whose whole principle was the need to give up a measure of national sovereignty. They disliked the triumph of local interests and sectional groups, but they feared a strong central state; they did not like class tension, but they were antisocialist and had no very persuasive view of what else might reduce that tension; they were antiaristocratic, but they tended to view the majority of the population of modern states as ignorant and impulsive.

Myrna Chase doesn't—it is one of the virtues of the book—go in for reconstructing the sort of view Halévy ought to have had. Her final chapter doesn't so much conclude as peter out—much as, she implies, Halévy's own confidence in liberalism and republicanism had petered out by 1937. She leaves Halévy's uncertainties as well as his achievements intact, and if one feels that it's all a bit messy, that's all to the good; Halévy himself abandoned philosophy for intellectual history and intellectual history for social history precisely because he saw how successfully the world resisted our efforts to tidy it up.

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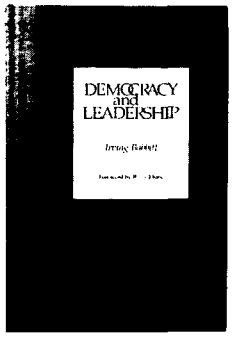

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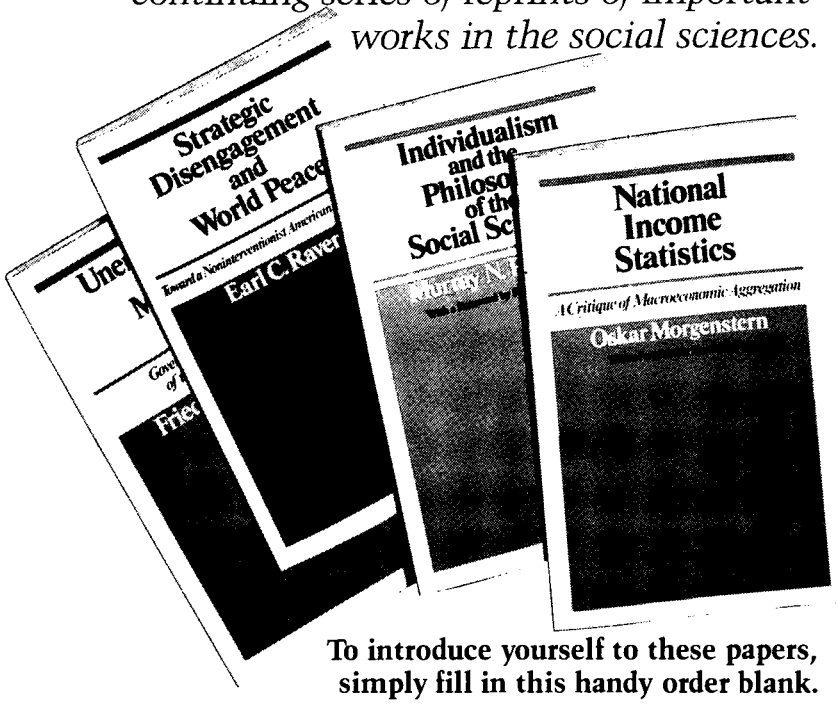
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ART

Ancient treasures

DORAN ROSS

"BLOCKBUSTER" EXHIBITIONS have become the patronage magnets of today's art museums. To write about a sleeping blockbuster may seem like a contradiction, but "The Treasures of Ancient Nigeria" has been sadly overlooked by the national media and consequently by the American public. This outstanding collection of one hundred sculptures, mostly in bronze or terra cotta, spanning more than two thousand years of extraordinary artistic achievement, is on loan from the National Museum, Lagos, and the Museum of Ife Antiquities, Ife, Nigeria. The exhibition was seen at the Detroit Institute of Arts and at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco, and will be at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York from August 11 to October 12. By that time national attention may be aroused.

This is one of the most important presentations of African art ever assembled, and certainly the most expensive in terms of exhibition costs. For students of the traditional arts of Africa it includes many old and frequently published friends. Yet perhaps the exhibition will be of greater interest to those who know nothing about the art; they will be delighted by the elegance and intellectual vitality of their new acquaintances. The pieces do not conform to the popular stereotype of African art. There are no dramatically abstract wooden masks or morphologically recondite figurative carvings. And nothing at all that can be called "primitive."

The earliest pieces are terra cottas from the Nok cultures of central Nigeria, dating between 500 BC and AD 200. Many are human heads, some life-sized, recovered by accident during tin mining operations. The heads are evidence of a fully developed pottery technology and display distinctly African facial features, elaborate coiffures, and a close attention to other decorative body arts. Their function is unknown, but they have prompted speculation by numerous scholars in terms of possible links with witchcraft, architectural decoration, and agricultural deities. The Nok corpus represents some of the earliest art of black Africa and vividly demonstrates an artistic florescence contemporaneous with classical Greek and Roman sculpture.

Nok art comes from sites as much as two hundred miles apart, but the enigmatic ninth-century bronze castings from Igbo-Ukwu are the products of three carefully controlled excavations at the same location. Nothing comparable has been found anywhere in Nigeria or elsewhere in Africa. The finds include a rich variety of ornate vessels, pendants, and staff ornaments associated with an elite burial and a ritual storehouse. Among the most spectacular objects in the show is a representation of a water pot on a stand encircled by a loose network of knotted ropes—altogether an arrogant display of artistic virtuosity. Most Igbo-Ukwu pieces are characterized by a profusion of detailed surface decoration, and one of many curious features of this art is the meticulous depiction of flies, crickets, and other insects as surface design. Still an artistically unique discovery, the remarkable Igbo-Ukwu objects suggest what future archaeological work in Nigeria may uncover.

The twelfth- to fifteenth-century life-sized bronze and terra cotta heads from the Yoruba town of Ife would in themselves justify the whole exhibition. When they were discovered by a German ethnologist at the beginning of this century, he (not knowing their date) attributed them to an itinerant pseudo-Praxiteles. Such ethnocentric attributions have long since disappeared, but the naturalism and majestic grace of the pieces continue to captivate. Some of the heads approach pure portraiture, and most are assumed to be royal images. Apparently the bronze examples were once attached to mannequins representing deceased kings. Of particular note is a serene standing figure of a king cast with the complete panoply of regalia. Related royal emblems adorn the heads of an elephant and an animal that is perhaps a hippopotamus; these were used as potlids and are thought to be associated with a royal tomb. The Ife material shares a number of physical traits with contemporary Yoruba arts, illustrating a continuity of tradition of at least seven hundred years.

MOST OF THE PIECES IN the exhibition were recovered from accidental finds or controlled excavations. The major exceptions are the objects from the kingdom of Benin, a city-state in southwest Nigeria that flourished from the late fourteenth century until 1897, when its capital was sacked and burned by the British. Far more than two thousand antiquities were taken back to Europe as war reparations and dispersed to numerous museums. Consequently, the Benin section is the only one that does not present the best examples of its tradition.

This situation raises the important and sensitive question of the repatriation

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of antiquities to Nigeria (a problem discussed in the catalogue by Ekpo Eyo, director of the Nigerian National Museums) and on a broader level to all Third World countries that have lost much of their cultural patrimony. Fortunately, some of the Benin pieces have found their way back to Nigeria and into the present exhibition, and the casual visitor will not be disappointed. There is a magnificent pair of leopards, a lovely stool with two intertwined mudfish as a seat, and an elegant head of a queen mother, all exquisitely cast in bronze. In ivory there is a splendid doughnut-shaped lidded bowl and an openwork bracelet with complex symbolism. The diversity of objects and imagery illustrates the ritual complexity of Benin court life.

A group of five sculptures conventionally labeled "Tsoede bronzes," after a sixteenth-century culture hero, includes the largest sub-Saharan bronze castings known to date. Among them is a casually-seated figure that is one of the most impressive studies in naturalism found in Africa. Discovered in an area remote from any similar tradition, the pieces demonstrate the interchange of objects and ideas from various parts of Nigeria, challenging the popular view of African cultures as existing in isolation from one another.

A fascinating leitmotif that permeates the exhibition is the interchange of symbolic human and animal imagery. Diverse zoological personalities are represented: royal elephants and leopards; sacrificial rams and chickens; and a complex assortment of avian and serpentine forms. These provide insights into the ecology of Nigeria and glimpses at the sophisticated world view of the peoples who made the images. Unfortunately, few have been iconographically deciphered.

Nigeria is the most populous African country, and with its rich oil reserves it has the unique financial capability to enforce its antiquities laws and to maintain a system of museums that is without question the best in Africa. The present exhibition proclaims not only past cultural achievements but also speaks of contemporary national pride. In spite of much rhetoric, these messages have yet to reach most of the American public. This is an important show. Very few of the pieces have ever been shown in the United States before, and these objects are unlikely to appear as a group again. Several U.S. museums are currently vying to extend the tour of this exhibition. Let us hope they succeed. ❑

F I L M

THE SHINING, directed by Stanley Kubrick.

THE ISLAND, directed by Michael Ritchie.

Directors' detours

DIANE JACOBS

WHEN WOODY ALLEN TOOK his leave of absence from comedy to direct *Interiors,* he explained that in order to grow, an artist must be willing to "disappoint his audience"—to move onto unfamiliar ground and maybe "overreach himself." Fair enough. Allen's words sprang to mind when Stanley Kubrick began bidding for Stephen King's cult horror thriller, *The Shining,* and again when Michael Ritchie, the imaginative satirist of beauty pageants (*Smile*) and consciousness raising (*Semi-Tough*), decided to adapt Peter Benchley's *Jaws* sequel, *The Island.* If Allen's foray into Ingmar Bergman territory ultimately led to *Manhattan,* why shouldn't Kubrick and Ritchie challenge their skills in the realm of Alfred Hitchcock and Roman Polanski?

DIANE JACOBS is the author of Hollywood Renaissance, *recently published by Delta Books.*

No reason, and perhaps the outing will do their art good. Unfortunately, neither *The Shining* nor *The Island* is likely to make an imprint on the suspense genre.

In fairness to Kubrick, *The Shining* is by far the more ambitious and honest of the two. Although the story line is redolent of last summer's formula *Amityville Horror,* there's little resort to clichés of terror here: no corpses toppled from closets, not a black cat in sight. As with *2001: A Space Odyssey,* Kubrick has sought not to exploit, but to reshape the conventions of a genre.

In keeping with all Kubrick's recent work, *The Shining* quickly establishes a distance between director and minimally sympathetic characters. The magnificent opening shot is a high overhead view of Jack Torrance's car traveling through yellow Colorado mountains toward the secluded Overlook Hotel. An ex-schoolteacher (and repentant alcoholic), Torrance (Jack Nicholson) is currently applying for the position of winter caretaker at the luxurious Overlook, which closes for bad weather between October and May. This not-so-young man makes a better impression on Ullman (Barry Nelson), the hotel's platitudinous manager, than on us.

Ullman sees an urbane fellow who longs for a little peace and quiet to write in and who is not put off by the, ah, somewhat embarrassing incident that occurred a few winters back, when a previous caretaker named Grady went cabin-fever mad and murdered his wife and two daughters. Ullman says he's convinced this will never happen to Jack

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Torrance—we know five minutes into the movie that it most definitely will. As played by Nicholson, the fidgety, sardonic Jack is a fit candidate for madness before he spends a single "haunted" night at the Overlook.

From the outset, Torrance's family also is more than a bit odd. Wendy Torrance (Shelley Duvall), a cajoling wife with clumped black hair and large vacuous eyes, is the sort of person who wouldn't think to question why her five-year-old son, Danny (Danny Lloyd), gets regular bulletins from a friend named Tony who "lives in my mouth" and gives instructions in a low-pitched staccato via Danny's index finger. And pale, lonely Danny has "the shining"—the ability to foresee that Daddy will soon phone Mommy and announce that he got the job at the Overlook; or that Daddy will some day try to chop Danny and Mommy into little pieces.

Although far less stylish than Kubrick's visually stunning film, Stephen King's book *The Shining* offers an intriguing double-edged premise. First, of course, it's a haunted house tale in which a hotel's past comes back to usurp what's left of the soul and sanity of a man who has already shown some talent for madness. But at the same time, King's tale is a domestic tragedy in which a mildly eccentric family with conventional tensions experiences total disintegration and chaos when faced with the *No Exit* psychological pressures of isolation.

Like *Rosemary's Baby* (book and movie), King's novel is effectively horrifying because it plays with the thin line between the paranoid and the possible, the supernatural and the banal. How long could any of us bear the undivided attention of our nearest and dearest? What might we do when we can take no more? King asks us; the answer is terrifying.

UNFORTUNATELY, KUBRICK and coscreenwriter Diane Johnson never play with this it-could-happen-to-you aspect of the novel. Their Jack Torrance isn't a well-meaning fellow who loves his wife and, especially, his son, but nonetheless yields slowly, painfully, to the pull of the hotel and/or madness. This Jack is half gone when we meet him, and by the time the Torrances have lived out one uneventful month at the Overlook, the soundtrack's whooshing electronic wind music coupled with Nicholson's nonstop bulging-eyed mugging have combined to present the protagonist as a risible loony.

On an emotional level, *The Shining* is a failure in that we never really care whether or not this family manages to hack one another to pieces. Yet as a cinematic contemplation of space and of Everyman's vulnerability to it, the film is frequently quite chilling. The many wide-angled shots of desolate corridors and huge, empty ballrooms, kitchens, and freezers—all situated at great distances from each other—pay off in an almost palpable sense of melancholy aloneness. There's an eerie scene that involves cross-cutting from Wendy and Danny poking through a garden labyrinth to Jack gazing menacingly at its indoor wooden model; and every shot of belittled Jack typing away in the hotel's stadium-sized lobby underscores the futility of human endeavor.

Kubrick is also adept at evoking the horror of togetherness, even in palatial quarters. There's a nice moment when the snowbound Wendy prolongs a radio call to the Colorado ranger station for the sheer joy of having someone outside of her family to talk to. Later, in the film's most disturbing sequence, Jack—by now sick to death of his wife and child—embraces a seductive young woman (his hallucination?), only to have her turn old and fetid in his arms.

Still, Kubrick's reverie on space and isolation is ultimately self-defeating. After all, the better we know a room, the more comfortable we feel in it; and so with haunted houses. Each successive shot of the Overlook is less horrific than the last. We get to know the gold ballroom and the yawning halls. Even the strange sisters (obviously Grady's murdered daughters) turn up so frequently they begin to seem like old friends. As with *Barry Lyndon,* casting is also a problem here. Danny Lloyd is admirably convincing as the fragile Danny, but there's not a drop of sexual tension between Nicholson and Duvall. Duvall does her best in the sketchily defined role of Wendy, but Nicholson's lunatic posturings deprive Jack Torrance of whatever sanity the script might allow.

The Shining's conclusion is inevitable, and we wonder only that it didn't happen sooner. With the exception of one memorable shot of Duvall half in and half out of a bathroom window, the final chase isn't even very scary. *The Shining* has *Barry Lyndon*'s listlessness without its grandeur. In paring King's book of its ordinary people and stripping the horror genre of its clichés, Kubrick has wound up with little more than an elegant meditation on haunted houses.

The Island has many of *The Shining*'s problems and few of its virtues. Like Kubrick, the director of *The Candidate* and *Smile* has little patience for warm human characters caught in extraordinary situations. (Ritchie's characters are human all right, but they're not especially nice, and their troubles are usually of their own making.) Yet, unlike *The Shining*, *The Island* time and again stoops to shortcuts of the most routine sort.

THE FILM'S OPENING shot is a good indication of what's to follow. A peaceful evening in the Caribbean. . . . A yachtload of middle-aged vacationers cruising through limpid blue waters, chatting of proctologists back home. Suddenly, wreckage floats up off the starboard bow. One fellow leans over to investigate

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and—music swelling to crescendo, camera pulling in to close-up—an axe bludgeons him between the eyes.

Chilling? Terrifying? No, predictable. Indeed, unlike *The Shining*, *The Island* makes a persuasive case for the screenwriter-novelist, rather than the director, as "auteur." Michael Ritchie's name may be first among the credits, but *The Island* offers none of the subtle ironies, the tough social insights, the holding back at the right moment that made Ritchie's earlier films among the most effective American comedies of the seventies. Ritchie's deft craftsmanship is evident, but *The Island* seems to have devoured his taste and even his artistic integrity. We're in *Jaws* territory, and Peter Benchley is our guide.

No use belaboring *The Island*'s tangled plot. Briefly, it involves a divorced New York reporter named Maynard (Michael Caine) who arranges to spend the weekend investigating a Bermuda Triangle–like series of yacht vanishings off the coast of Florida. When he learns that this is his weekend with his bilious teenage son Justin (Jeffrey Frank), Maynard lures the child along with promises of a trip to Disneyworld.

Needless to say, they never get there, but wind up instead on "the island"—a remote spot of land where a band of seventeenth-century pirates, led by Nau (David Warner), while away the twentieth century looting passing pleasure boats and knocking off their crews in lurid fashion. Fortunately for Maynard and son, the island people are short on children as they long ago outlasted their own fertility. (Why they haven't outlasted their lives remains a mystery to me, but I suppose that's a given of the genre.) Thus, Justin's life is spared, and Maynard's death sentence is suspended until he has managed to impregnate the only remaining female.

What is especially irksome about *The Island* is not just that Ritchie mines his blood and gore material for all it's worth, but that he and Benchley are so busy flaying our viscera that they ignore the provocative themes and situations always lurking just beyond their grasp. There's the matter of the pirates as incarnations of pure evil, for instance. There's the one-sided, almost love relationship between the indifferent Maynard and Beth (Angela Punch), the island's sole female, who consistently tries to help free him. And, most important, there's the tension between Maynard and Justin. Like *The Shining*, *The Island* pits father against son; but, in contrast to Kubrick, Ritchie is unwilling to take this battle to its logical conclusion. Rather than staging a final confrontation, he pulls back at the last minute and winds up with a rapprochement. One needn't be a cynic to suppose that commercial considerations were at work.

Ritchie has always been a superb actors' director, and predictably, the performances here are first-rate. Michael Caine is appropriately cool and single-minded as the ambitious reporter, and Jeffrey Frank as his son and Angela Punch as his lover are excellent. On the surface, *The Island* and *The Shining* are both forgettable suspense films; yet fundamentally, they are very dissimilar enterprises. *The Shining* is Kubrick's *Interiors*; he lets his sensibility roam in unfamiliar pastures. In *The Island,* Ritchie denies his sensibility; what's puzzling is not why the film fails, but why he agreed to make it in the first place. ❏

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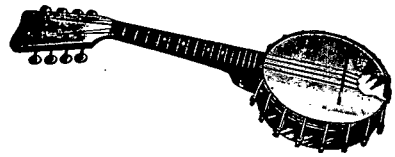

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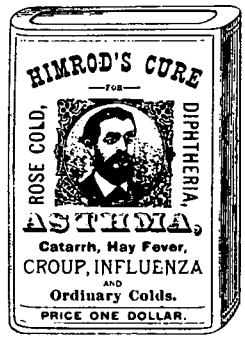

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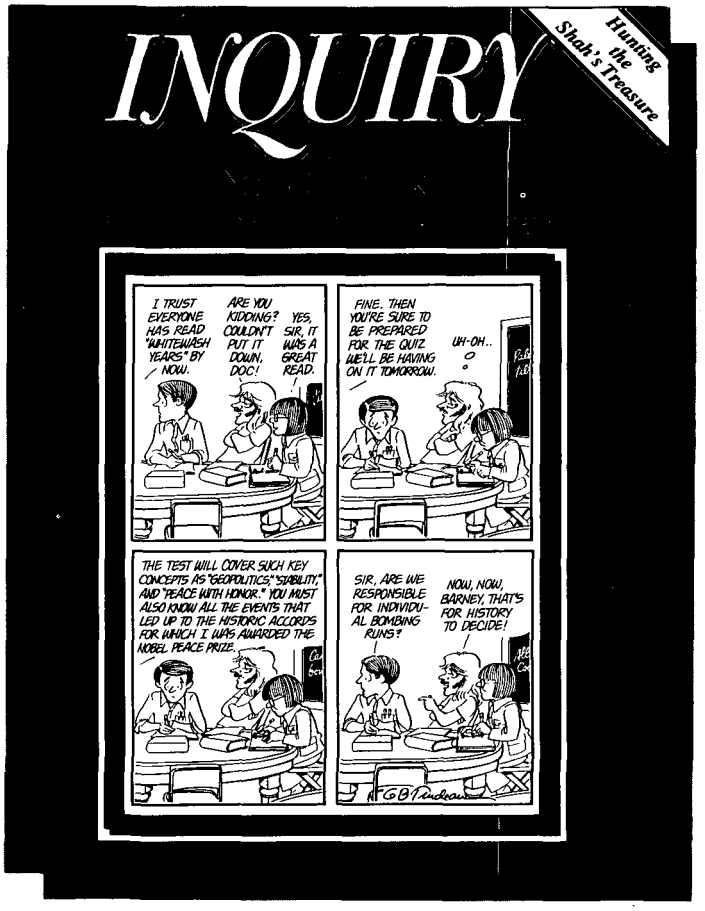
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